Vol 8 **The War Illustrated** N° 182

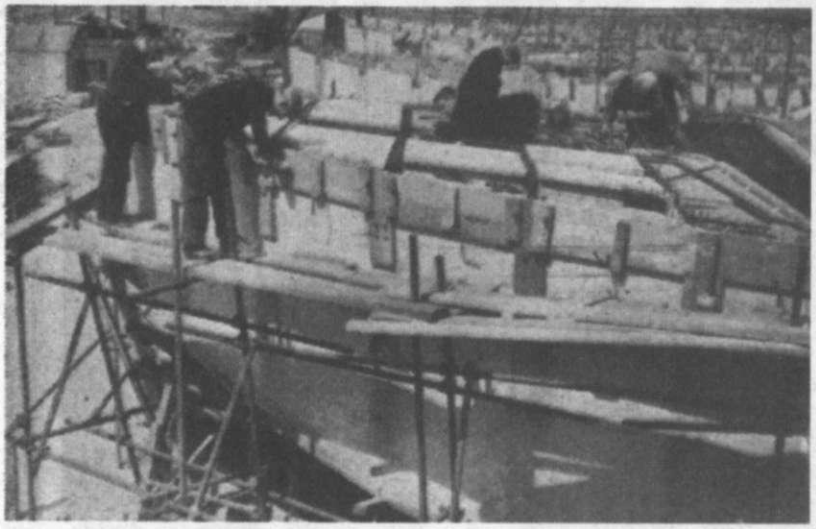
Edited by Sir John Hammerton

SIXPENCE JUNE 9, 1944

DELIVERED BY DONKEY POST are the letters and parcels sent to men of a heavy bombardment group of the 15th U.S.A.A.F. in Italy. Commanded by Lt.-Gen. Nathan Twining, who is responsible for strategic bombing operations, the 15th U.S.A.A.F. is one of the units of the Mediterranean Allied Air Force, whose formation, replacing the Mediterranean Air Command and the N.W. African Air Forces, was announced on Jan. 27, 1944, by Gen. Sir H. Maitland Wilson, Supreme Commander in the Mediterranean. *Photo, U.S. Official*

New War-Angles Seen by Our Roving Camera

N.F.S. MOTOR CYCLE SECTION (above) is part of one of the Overseas Columns which will support the Army Fire Services when the Western assault commences; all the men are volunteers, and must be over 19 and not 41 by the end of 1944. The stark realities of a prisoner-of-war's life are brought home by this replica of a German prison watch-tower (left), part of an exhibition held in the heart of London by The Daily Telegraph, with the help of the Red Cross and St. John War Organization. Thousands learned from it how Allied prisoners really live whilst behind the enemy's barbed wire.



PRE-FABRICATED CONCRETE BARGES to help the transport of our vital war supplies are being mass-produced at a British shipyard, as shown above. The barges are 84 ft. long, with a deck-width of 22 ft. 6 ins. and their dead-weight capacity is 200 tons. There are 174 free-cast concrete units to each barge assembly, and construction is quite simple.

DRILLING FOR COAL in the Welsh mountains is this native from the Philippines (above), whose home islands the Japanese at present occupy. He is one of many experts who have been engaged in mining tasks of this kind in various parts of the world; working for the Government on behalf of a Canadian drilling company, they are making a grand contribution to the war effort.

FLY-SWATTING the mechanical way is now the method of dealing with insect pests which rob our country of fruit supplies, which are more valuable than ever in these war-days. A tractor (left) equipped with a multi-spray jet apparatus, throwing a liquid which is certain death to the pests, is driven through an orchard, doing the work of many men using the old bucket and syringe, and in half the time.

Photos, Topical Press, Fox, Keystone, Daily Mirror

THE BATTLE FRONTS

by Maj.-Gen. Sir Charles Gwynn, K.C.B., D.S.O.

THE offensive which opened in Italy on the night of May 11-12 had obviously a different object from that of previous operations there. It was generally believed that the landing at Salerno was undertaken with a view to a rapid advance up the peninsula in order to secure air bases from which Central and Eastern Germany could be attacked. The German forces in Italy were at the time not strong and it was probably assumed that they would be used to defend the Po plain and the Alpine passes, leaving it mainly to the troops that had evacuated Sicily to delay our advance.

If that was the original German intention, the success they achieved in preventing a rapid exploitation of the Salerno landing and the difficulties we encountered in winter weather, clearly induced them to reinforce their Southern force. Yet they still remained on the defensive and kept a large part of their army in the north—possibly owing to a fear that we might undertake a landing in rear of their Southern group. By that time it had become evident that our advance up the peninsula would prove more difficult than was expected, and the Anzio landing appears to have been undertaken with the more limited objective of manoeuvring the Germans out of their positions opposite the 5th and 8th Armies and opening the way for an advance on Rome, which became the immediate objective.

I doubt if it was expected that the Germans would move practically the whole of their army in Italy to the South to counter the Anzio landing, and only an early counter-attack on the Anzio beach-head by the comparatively small reserve force in the Rome area appears to have been anticipated. When, however, the Germans decided to use their whole army in the Southern area not only to reinforce their front opposite the 5th and 8th Armies, but also to mount a formidable deliberate counter-attack against the Anzio beach-head, the whole aspect of the situation again changed. The Anzio beach-head after some anxious days held firm, but it had lost much of its original meaning. It had failed to manoeuvre the Germans out of their main defences, and with the Anzio force deprived temporarily of offensive power, the project for capturing Rome had little chance of quick success.

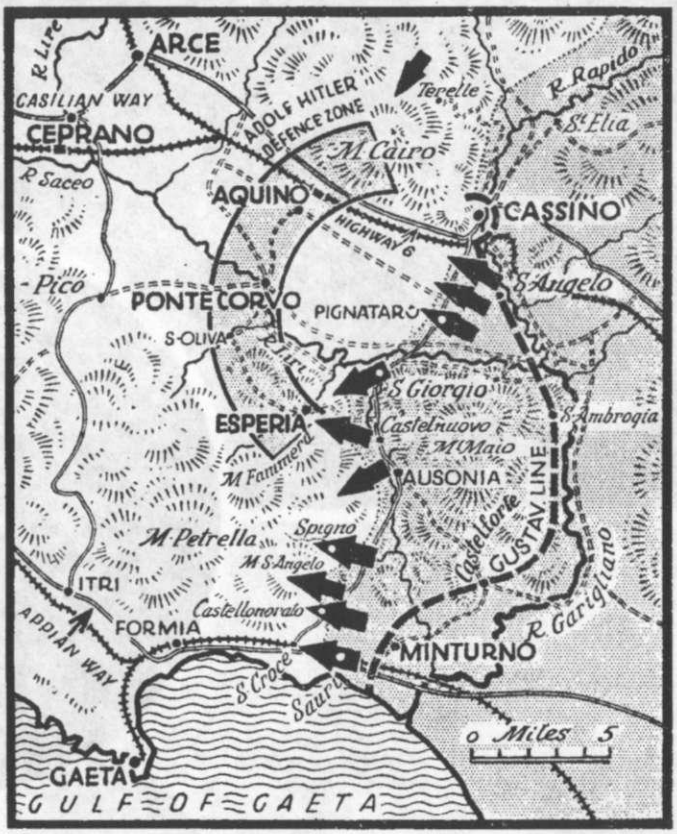
ONE must admit that the original plans of the Allies had been successfuly countered, but it may be questioned whether in doing so the Germans have not been drawn into an unsound strategical position. They are apparently not strong enough to take the offensive, but are committed to fighting defensively with long lines of communications, vulnerable to air attack, in their rear, and with indifferent lateral communications between them. An army on the defensive has always to consider the possibility of having to withdraw, and plenty of room for retreat is normally an advantage; but space offers few advantages if movement within it is restricted. It may be a disadvantage, increasing the difficulty of reinforcing and supplying the defence if it stands and making a rapid withdrawal difficult and costly.

Should a withdrawal become necessary it would probably have to be conducted as a slow retreat involving frequent and heavy rearguard actions. This would seem to be the position the Germans are in now, and the Allied offensive makes it difficult for them to extricate themselves from it. They have elected to stand and fight, and General Alexander's object is evidently to destroy them where they stand or force them into a difficult fighting retreat. The capture of Rome has, for the time being at least, ceased to be a military objective.

The Germans have on many occasions shown great skill in extricating themselves from dangerous positions into which faulty strategy has led them, but their tendency has been to hold on too long when well-timed retreat might have saved them. Sometimes this has involved them in complete disaster, in others unnecessary losses of men and material, and I cannot recall a single instance where such obstinacy has improved their general strategical situation. Tactically a detachment may justifiably be ordered to hold a point to the last man and last round, and it may have great effect on the result of the battle. Of course, an army or any large body of troops whose retreat is cut off should similarly refuse to surrender as long as it can exercise any influence on the general situation, but it can never strategically be justified to place it in a position which involves complete destruction.

The German attempt to drive us into the sea at Salerno was, of course, correct and it may even be questioned whether they should not then, as they did later at Anzio, have reinforced their Southern army from their reserves in the north for a resumption of the counter offensive in greater force. Possibly uncertainty as to the attitude of the Italians in the north and because at the time they had fewer troops in Italy were the reasons why they fell back on the defensive. In the circumstances a defensive may have been justified, since it could be successfully carried out by a comparatively small force.

The Anzio landing, however, forced Von Kesselring's hand. He had either to retire or to employ practically the whole of his army. One certainly cannot quarrel with his decision to take the latter course so long as he used it offensively in his attempt to destroy the Anzio force. When that attempt failed, and when the developments of the war elsewhere made it clear that he could expect no reinforcements which would enable him to renew his offensive in greater strength, it became more than questionable whether he was right in committing practically the whole of his army to the defensive so far south. It must have been obvious that with the approach of summer the potential offensive power of the Allies both on land and in the air would increase, and that they would not suffer from lack of reserves. Moreover, the developments of the general war situation suggested that the drain on German resources in men and material should be reduced to a minimum in Italy; and that, it would seem, could best be achieved by delaying action rather than by accepting decisive battle, which, even if it succeeded in retaining ground of no great strategic importance, in the widest sense would certainly involve heavy expenditure of men and material at a time when they could ill be spared.



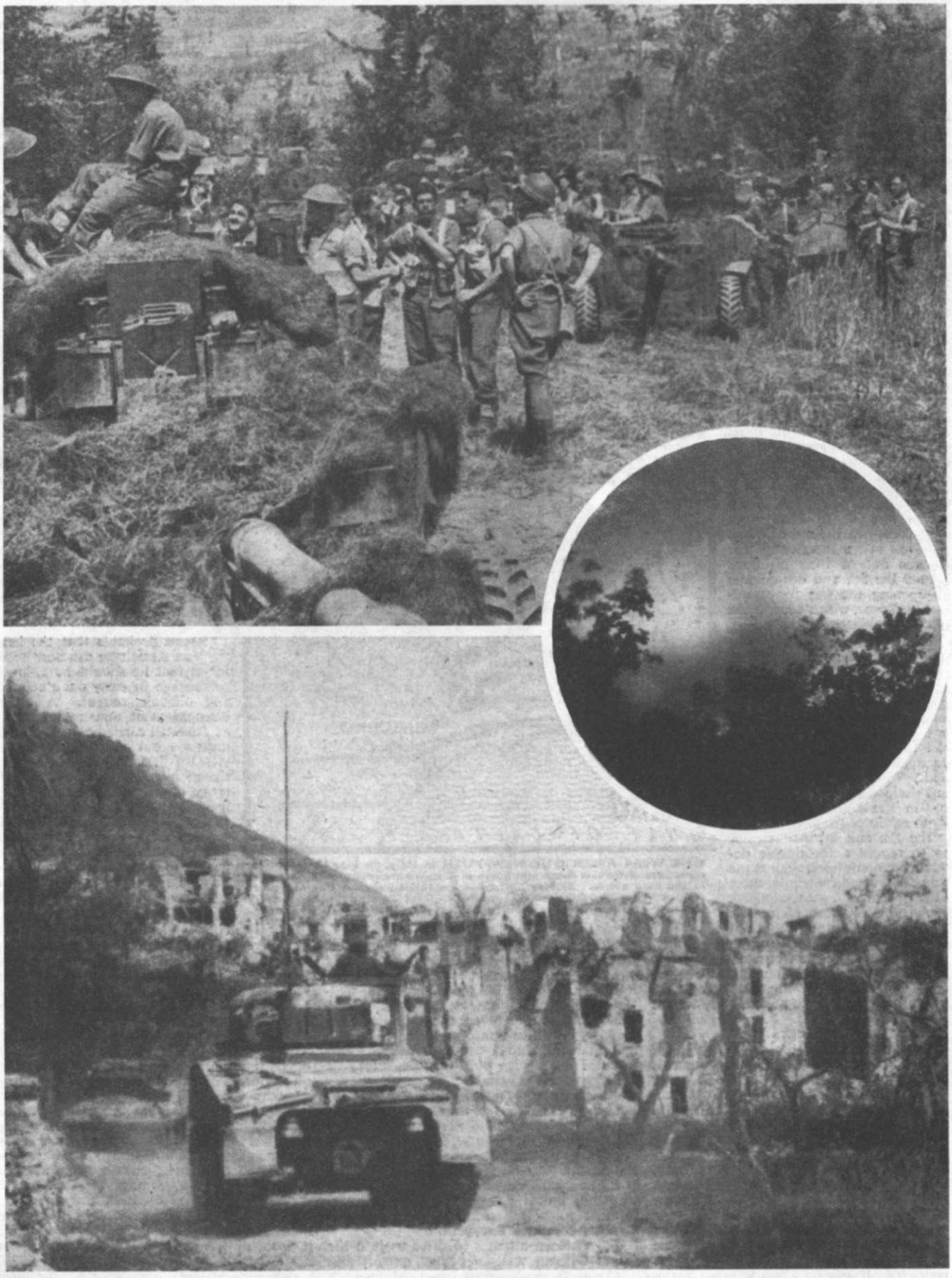
ONE WEEK AFTER OUR NEW PUSH in Italy, on May 18, 1944, the directions of thrusts south and north of Cassino are indicated by arrows in the map above. By May 23 Cassino had fallen; beyond Itri, near the Appian Way, Terracina was captured on May 24, and in the central sector the Hitler defence zone (shaded arc) had been cut in half near Pontecorvo. *By courtesy of The Daily Expre s*

IT seems probable that the best Von Kesselring can now hope for is that he should be able at some stage to carry out a belated and difficult retreat. A rapid disengagement and retreat such as Rommel carried out in Libya must be out of the question in view of Italian topography, the size of his army and the extended range of fighter aircraft. A slow fighting retreat on the Sicilian model might be more practicable, but the size of his army would be a serious handicap in retreat and it would tax his ability to disengage without serious disaster.

Kesselring has shown that he—like the majority of German commanders — possesses great executive qualities; but, as on many other occasions, German higher strategical direction, perhaps influenced by Hitler himself, seems likely to prove faulty. Again and again it has over-reached itself and has been drawn by initial success into weak strategical situations and belated decisions which have either led to complete disaster or have imposed desperately difficult tasks on subordinate commanders. The Crimea provides the most recent example, but we have good reason to hope that Italy will give another—disappointing as our campaign there has for so long been. If we can achieve a success there it will obviously have a much more important strategical effect than had any of our previous failures or partial failures.

Although our offensive in Italy may be considered as the forerunner of the great impending offensives in the West and East it probably has no exact chronological connexion with their opening dates. The timing, however, ensured that Kesselring was neither likely to receive reinforcements nor be able to spare any of his reserves for transfer to more decisive theatres.

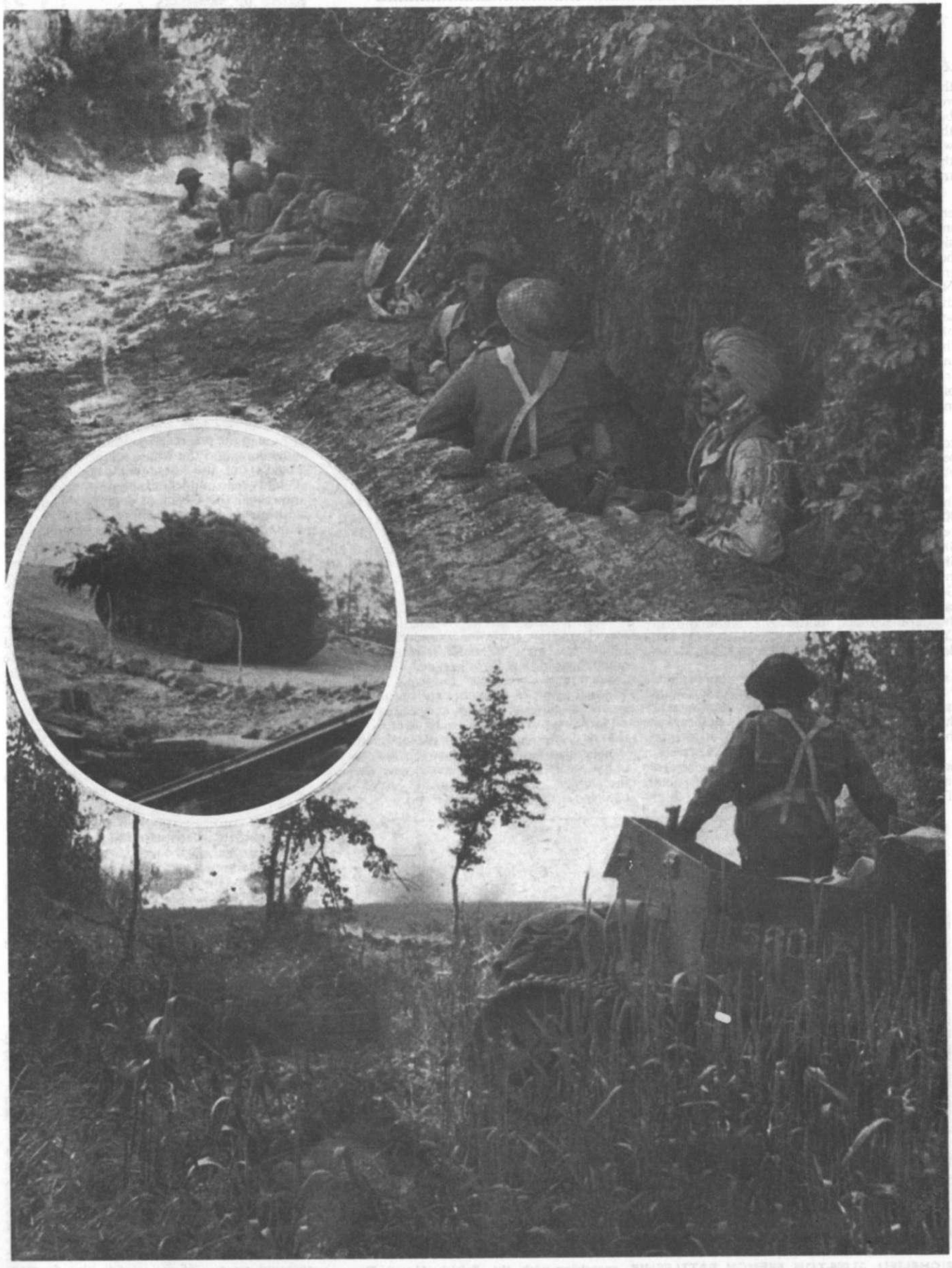
5th and 8th Armies Break the Gustav Line—



IN THE OPENING STAGES of the great new offensive in Italy by the 5th and 8th Armies, which began on May 11, 1944, anti-tank gunners wait to move up into battle (above). The preliminary artillery barrage of great violence lights the night sky (circle). Medium tanks of a combined French and U.S. force approach the shell-blasted village of Cosma E'Damiano (below). The Gustav Line was the first Allied objective ; it was breached by French troops on May 14, and three days later it was officially announced as having ceased to exist.

Photos. British and U.S. Official

—in Terrific New Push to Smash Kesselring



DOUGHTY WARRIORS FROM INDIA man roadside slit-trenches during the advance (above), while a camouflaged Sherman tank (circle) moves up to the Liri River, and the crew of a Bren-carrier pause for observation in the same sector (below). Note shellbursts in the distance. All were engaged in piercing the Gustav Line, which is reported to have derived its name from an aged pre-Hitler Berlin driver of a horse-cab who, to show how strong he still was, drove to Paris and back and became known as "Iron Gustav."

Photos, British Official

THE WAR AT SEA

by Francis E. McMurtrie

As the day draws nearer the Germans are evincing increasing anxiety concerning the coming invasion of Europe by the Allies. In an effort to conceal their nervousness they have lately adopted a more boastful tone, asserting that they will meet the attack on the beaches and there repel it; whereas previously they had suggested that they were prepared to suffer an Allied penetration of sixty miles or more.

In neutral countries these symptoms of enemy apprehensions are becoming more and more prominent. For the third time a consignment of military maps of Sweden has been discovered in German postal bags in transit through that country to Norway. Naturally this has caused indignation and disquiet in Stockholm, feelings which were scarcely allayed by the curious explanation offered by the German Minister. He declared that it was necessary for the German troops in Norway to be provided with maps of the frontier between the two countries "in view of what might happen in the event of an Allied invasion of Norway."

British naval operations on the Norwegian coast during May have certainly shaken Nazi nerves. Early on May 6, Barracuda aircraft of the Fleet Air Arm, protected by fighters, carried out a successful attack on enemy shipping off Kristiansund. This port is about 80 miles from Trondheim, and should not be confused with Kristiansand, on the Skagerrak, much farther to the southward. Ships carrying Swedish iron ore from Narvik must pass Kristiansund on their passage to Germany. The aircraft were flown off from carriers forming part of a force detached from the Home Fleet, under the command of Captain N. V. Grace, R.N., in H.M.S. Berwick, a 10,000-ton cruiser. (See map above.)

In the course of the attack two supply ships were sunk, a large tanker was torpedoed and bombed, and an escort vessel and another ship were damaged. Two enemy planes were shot down; we also lost a couple of aircraft.

This exploit followed ten days after a similar attack by our carrier-borne aircraft on a German convoy off Bodo, in the north of Norway. Hits were scored on four supply ships and an escort vessel, three of the former being set on fire and the largest one grounding. In addition, a large supply ship in Bodo harbour was left blazing. Five of our aircraft were lost. Our submarines in northern waters have also been busy of late; during April one or two tankers and a supply ship were sunk by them and six other vessels more or less severely damaged by torpedoes. The catapult ship Schwabenland was so injured she had to be beached to prevent her sinking.

ELABORATE Precautions Against Sudden Descent by the Allies

With all these blows falling one after the other it can well be understood that the enemy are kept in a constant state of alarm. Nor is it only in Norway that such uneasiness is prevalent. A little farther south, in the Jutland peninsula of Denmark, elaborate precautions are being taken to guard against a sudden descent by the Allied forces. It is believed that the Germans have been studying the plans propounded by Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fisher in 1914. These aimed at utilizing British preponderance at sea to strike a blow at the heart of Germany.

Lord Fisher advocated the landing of British troops on the North Frisian Islands and the coast of Schleswig-Holstein (the southern part of Denmark, which the Prussians filched in 1864; they still contrived to retain the greater part of it after 1918, thanks to a cleverly manipulated plebiscite). This sudden invasion under the protection of the British Fleet was to be merely a diversion, intended to withdraw attention from the real attack, which was to be made in the Baltic. By transporting several Russian divisions from Riga to the Pomeranian coast, at a point less than 100 miles from Berlin, the enemy would, it was argued, have been thrown into complete confusion. When Frederick the Great was confronted with a similar peril from Russia at a critical period of the Seven Years' War, he was so upset that he contemplated taking poison. Had not the Russian Empress died at this juncture, it is possible that he might have done so, and the history of Prussia would have been changed. (See map above.)

PLAN FOR INVASION of Germany by way of the Baltic as advocated by Lord Fisher in 1914, and outlined in the accompanying article, is illustrated in this map.

New ships which Lord Fisher had ordered for use in the project were ultimately expended elsewhere, and the whole scheme was pigeonholed; but the subsequent knowledge that it had been under discussion undoubtedly impressed the Germans deeply. When their withdrawal from the shores of the Gulf of Finland starts, the dread of a landing in the rear of the retreating armies will be accentuated by the recollection of the Fisher proposals.

Marshal Tito is recently reported to have appealed for the transfer to his control of the ships of the Yugoslav Navy which he declares are at present playing a more or less inactive part in the Mediterranean. With their aid he has hopes of gradually expelling the Germans from the many islands that fringe the Dalmatian coast on the eastern side of the Adriatic. As originally constituted, the Royal Yugoslav Navy comprised four modern destroyers, four submarines, six small minelayers, ten motor-torpedo-boats, an aircraft tender, four ex-Austrian torpedo-boats built during the last war, and an ancient cruiser used as a training ship, besides some auxiliaries.

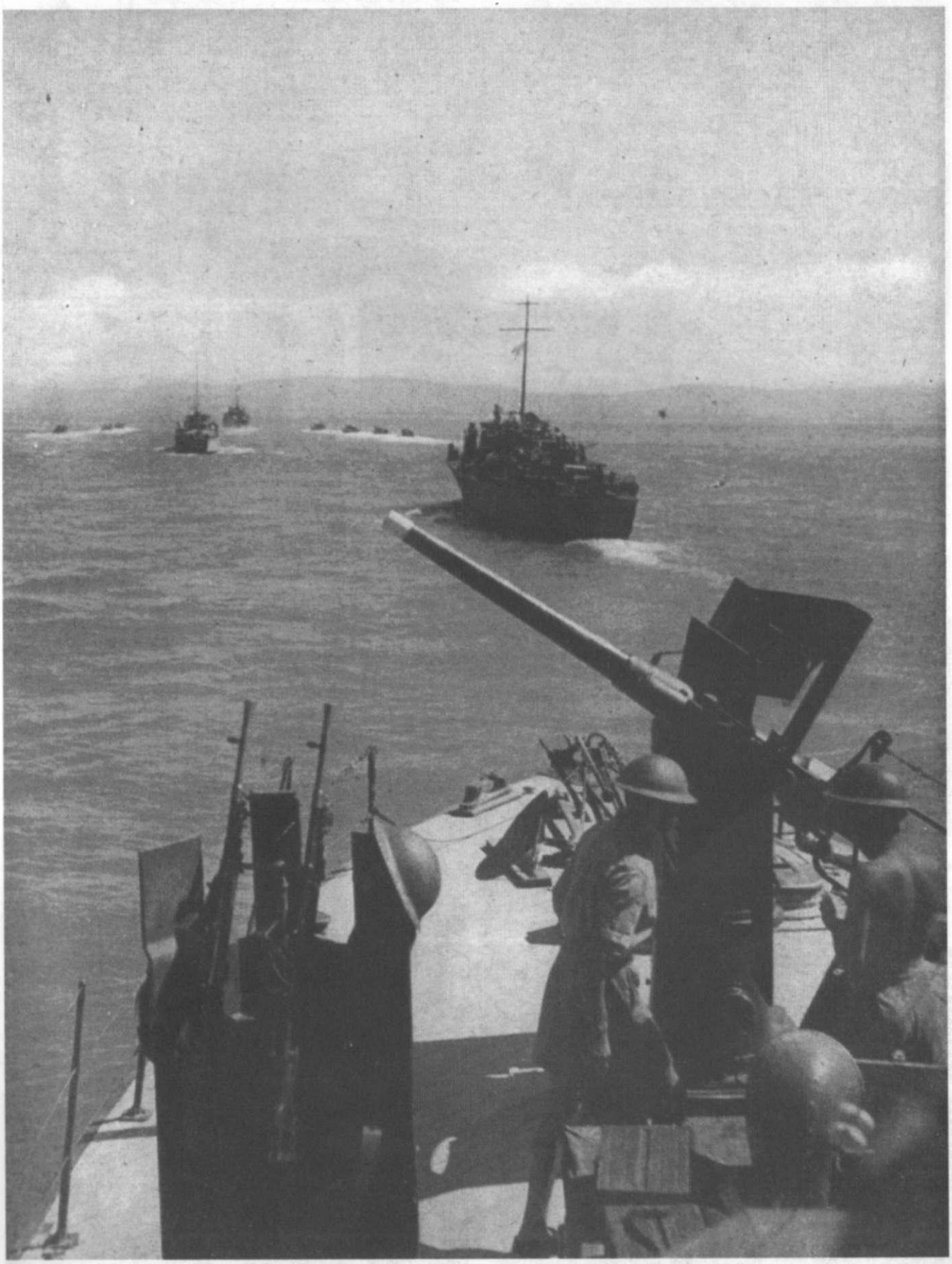
RICHELIEU, 35,000-TON FRENCH BATTLESHIP, exercising with the British Home Fleet, opens fire with her short-range weapons at an aerial target. Disabled at Dakar, North Africa, on July 8, 1940, when Lt.-Cmdr. Bristowe, R.N., crippled her steering gear and propellers by exploding depth charges against her stern, she has been refitted in America and now operates with the Allies. See also illus. p. 504. Vol. 7. *Photo, British Official*

When the country was invaded many of these ships fell into Italian hands, though one destroyer, the Zagreb, was blown up by her officers and men to avoid that fate. A submarine, the British-built Nebojsa, and a motor-torpedo-boat, the Velebit, escaped and joined the Allies, but the latter vessel was afterwards lost. Of the Italian prizes, the destroyers Dubrovnik and Ljubljana were renamed Premuda and Sebenico, respectively. Both are believed to have been recovered by the Allies as the result of the Italian collapse. There is also the corvette Nada, formerly H.M.S. Mallow.

A ship which is reported to have hoisted Tito's flag is the Split. This destroyer was laid down at the Yugoslav port after which she is named in 1939. Presumably she was completed and put into commission by the Italian Navy in 1941-42, and has now been manned by the Yugoslavs again.

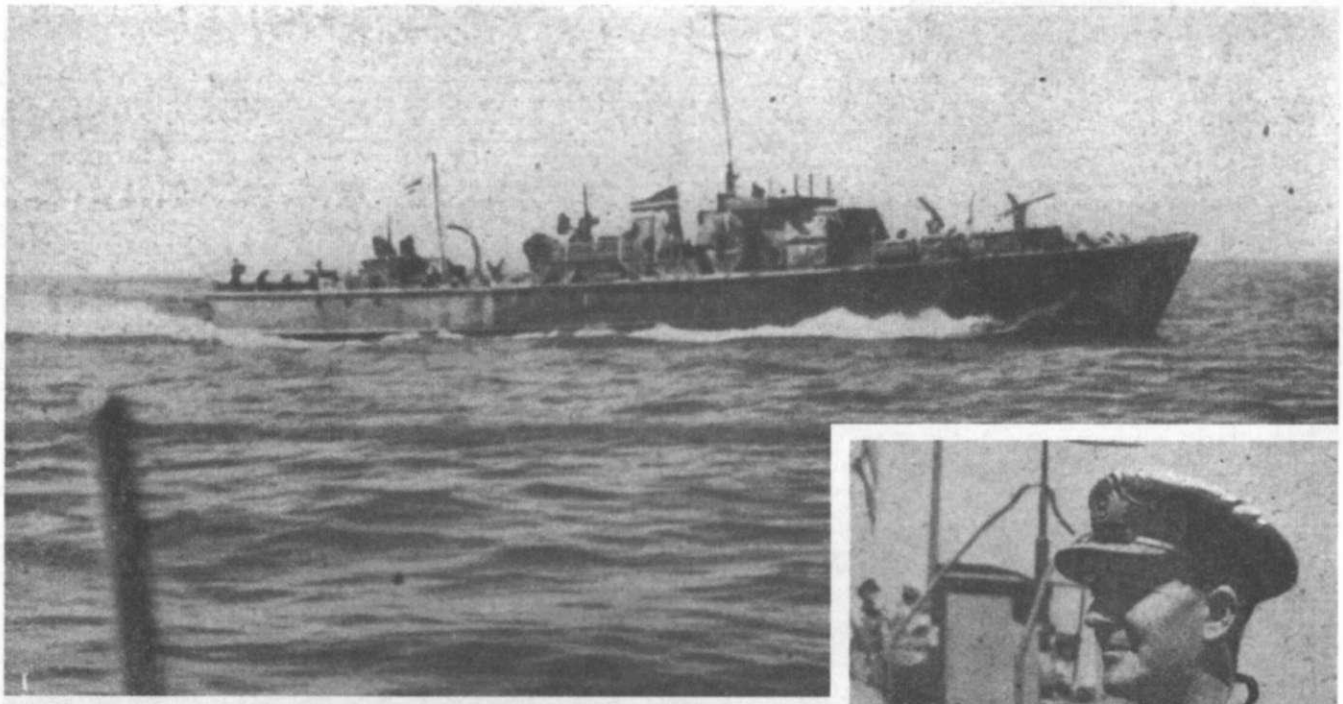
In the case of the old cruiser used as a training ship, previously mentioned, there was a curious sequel. Originally this vessel was the German Niobe, launched as far back as 1899. In 1926 she was bought by the Yugoslavs from the German Government and refitted for training duties. Manned by Germans, she was sighted by Allied aircraft aground on one of the islands already mentioned. An attack was made upon her by British motor-torpedo-boats on the night of Dec. 21-22, 1943, and she was thus destroyed.

Royal Indian Navy Backs the Burma Battles



STRIKING POWER OF THE INDIAN NAVY is indicated in this photograph of an alert and watchful, well-armed escort vessel bringing up the rear of a flotilla of landing-craft heading for another surprise attack on the Mayu Peninsula in the Arakan region. The Royal Indian Navy is composed of large forces of sloops, minesweepers, trawlers and coastal craft; its size has increased enormously since war began and recruits from all over India are constantly swelling its personnel strength. *Photo, Indian Official*

Seaborne Raiders Strike at Arakan Japanese



HARRYING ENEMY POSTS established in the Mayu Peninsula of the Burmese seaboard division of Arakan—in concert with our land operations—seaborne raids have recently been successfully carried out with the aid of the Arakan Coastal Forces of the Royal Indian Navy, who have bombarded the Japanese positions as well as covering the advance of Allied assault parties (see p. 39).

Approaching hostile waters off the Mayu Peninsula is this launch of the Royal Indian Navy (1), which with others escorted a fleet of landing craft. The landings were watched by Captain J. Ryland, R.I.N., who is in command of the Arakan Coastal Forces (3). Having achieved its object in one more daring raid, a landing craft full of heavily armed British Commando troops comes alongside one of the escort ships (2). Preparing to go on a similar sortie, Gurkha units place their equipment in landing craft (4). West African troops also have taken part in the Arakan raids.

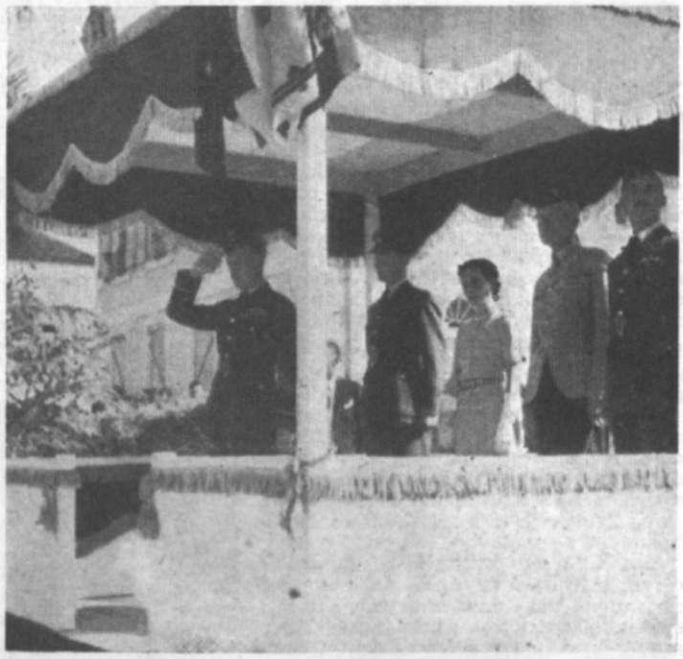
Photos, Indian Official

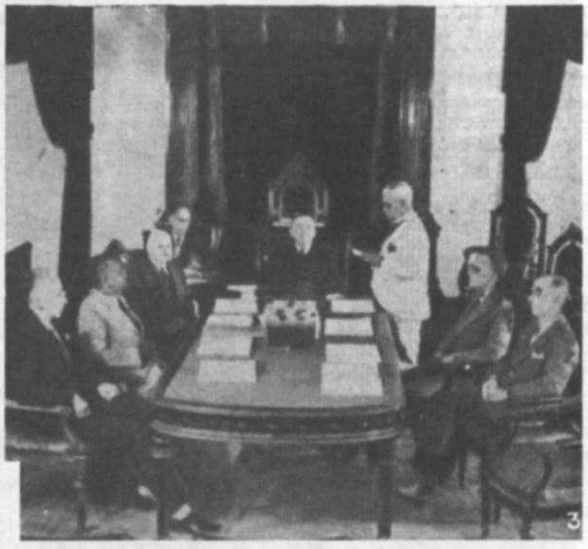
Our Colonies in the War: No. 9—The Bahamas

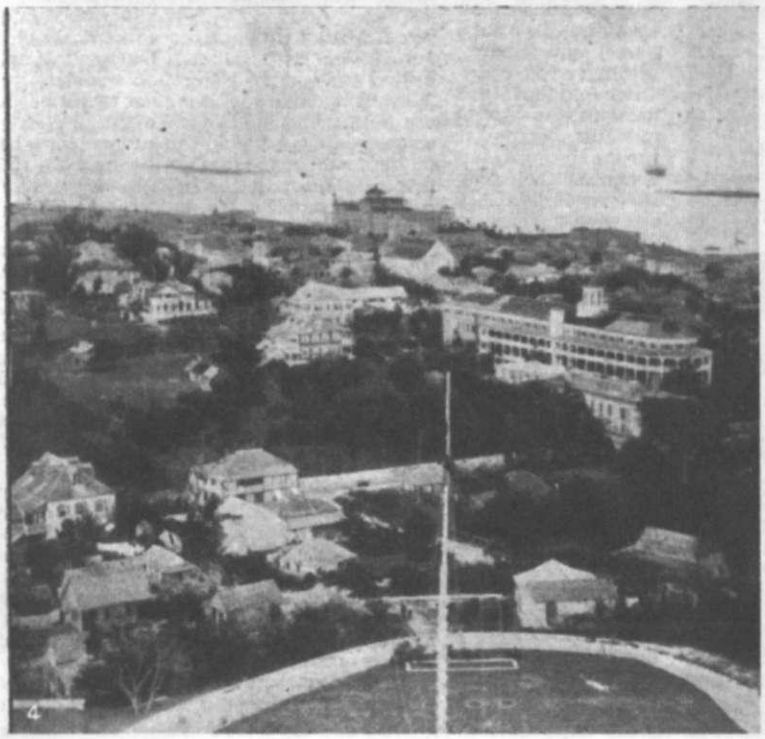
CONSISTING OF 700 ISLANDS, with a total area of 4,375 square miles, the Bahamas have as their capital Nassau (4), key port on sea routes between Florida, New York, Cuba, Haiti and Jamaica, besides vital inter-island communications (see map). The Bahamas are almost self-supporting and, industrially, the islands are striving to aid the United Nations with the production of a new and superior fibre called sanseveira—a project of great value in view of the loss of Manila hemp. Another revolutionary war effort lies in the agreement between Britain and the U.S., instituted in the spring of 1943, by which native labourers of the Bahamas work on Florida bean and sugar plantations (2). Thousands have been engaged and the results have been invaluable. Facilities for the establishment of naval and air bases in the Bahamas were granted to America by Britain in 1940.

H.R.H. The Duke of Windsor, the Governor, takes the salute at an R.A.F. parade at Nassau (1). A meeting of the Legislative Council of the Bahamas (3) which, under the Governor, administers the islands.

Photos, British Official; West Indian Committee, Pictorial Press, Stanley Toogood







Ships and Men of the Convoy Rescue Service

Manned by Merchant Navy and Royal Navy personnel, steamers that once plied a quiet trade around the coasts of Britain now patrol the broad Atlantic on life-saving duties, as outlined here by KEITH COOPER. Much rescue work, carried out valorously and in perilous circumstances, lies to their credit. Thousands of survivors plucked from death's jaws call them blessed.

WHEN the U-boat offensive was at its height in 1941, and losses among crews of the Merchant Navy were high, the Admiralty, in conjunction with the Ministry of War Transport, decided upon a scheme to aid those seamen unfortunate enough to be thrown into the Atlantic as the result of enemy action. At first the rear ship in convoy took upon itself the task of picking up survivors from merchantmen that had suffered attack ; eventually, as the result of much thought, the Convoy Rescue Service was formed.

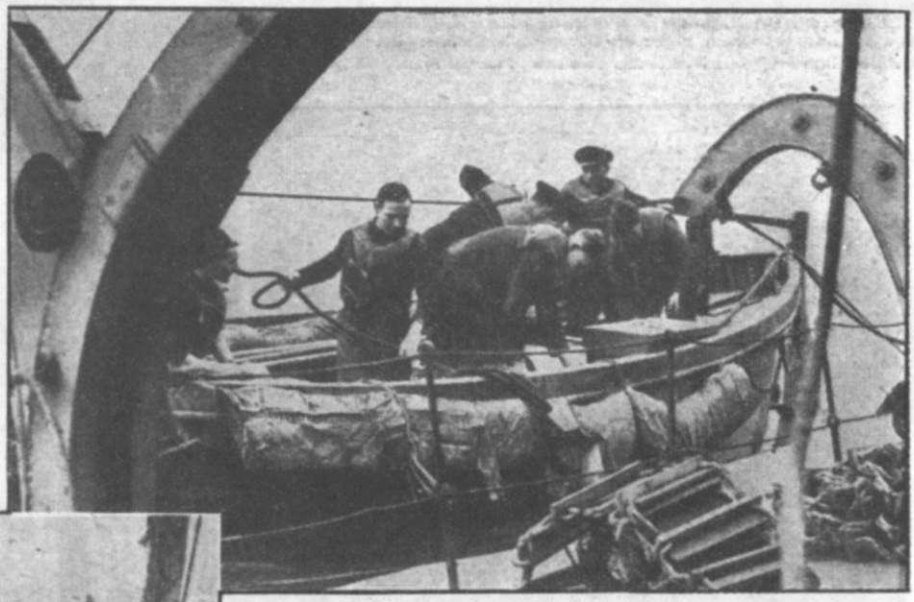
Duty of ships belonging to this Service was to take up position at the rear of the convoy, and at all times go to the assistance of seamen struggling in the water. In the course of such work the vessels would be exposed to danger, it was realized, so small ships, quick on the helm, and offering only a restricted target for U-boats, had to be found.

FOUND they were—among the coastal steamers that used to carry on important trade around the coasts of Britain. It was feared at first that these craft would never stand the dangerous and treacherous Atlantic. But they have ; and in just over two years of work the Convoy Rescue Service has been responsible for saving 3,563 officers and men of the Allied Merchant Services.

Heavily armed, possessing a good turn of speed, the rescue ships are formidable, and they perform escort duties until called upon to snatch from the sea men in distress. Life aboard these rescue ships is hard indeed, with quarters often swamped with water, yet the crews, proud of their calling, continually sign for duty. In normal times, about thirty men would form the crew of a rescue ship ; today, because of the important work, the vessel has seventy men aboard her.

During the years that this branch of the convoy system has been at work, much has been learnt from hard experience. At first survivors picked up from the sea were offered little beyond shelter. Today, first-class hospitals and operating theatres, wards, and comfortable bunks for at least a hundred men, are standard. As soon as survivors are taken aboard, their clothing is removed and they are given a rub-down by experts. They are then put to bed with hot-water bottles and the medical men give them an overhaul. If a man is suffering from any hurt or illness, these doctors give prompt treatment.

One of the most difficult tasks, at the best of times, is to get survivors aboard the rescue ships. At first the men on the vessel engaged upon life-saving duties had to introduce novel methods, and rely upon their strength ; but science has been called on to play a part. Now, rescue ships are equipped with boom nets; with these they drift towards the men in the water and "trawl them up." A large wicker basket is suspended over the sea, with a member of the crew standing in it. He assists men from the sea into the basket, and so aboard the rescue ship. In addition, the sides are hung with scramble nets and Jacob's ladders so that the crew can haul aboard men who reach the rescue ship's sides. Navigating officers and men of this Service are drawn from the Merchant Navy, but the medical officers, sick bay attendants, gunners, and signallers are from the Royal Navy.



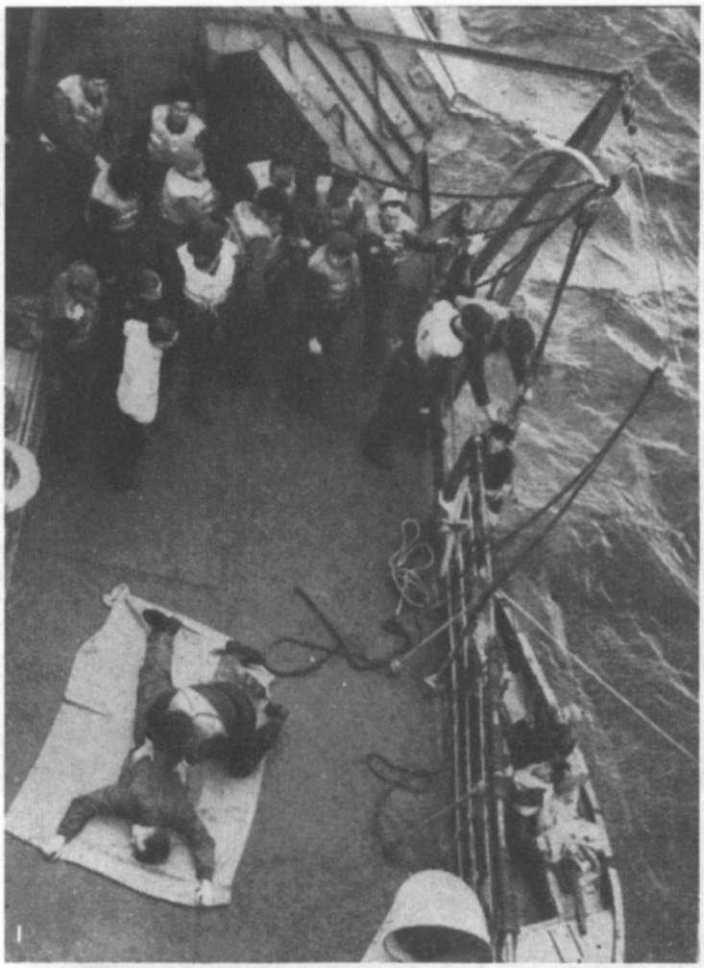
MEN OF A CONVOY RESCUE SERVICE VESSEL make final preparations in the lifeboat (above), which will soon be on its way to pick up survivors of a wrecked ship. The survivors are found, and aided by the lifeboat crew they go aboard the rescue vessel by means of the scramble net (bottom left). **See also facing page.** *Photos, Associated Press*

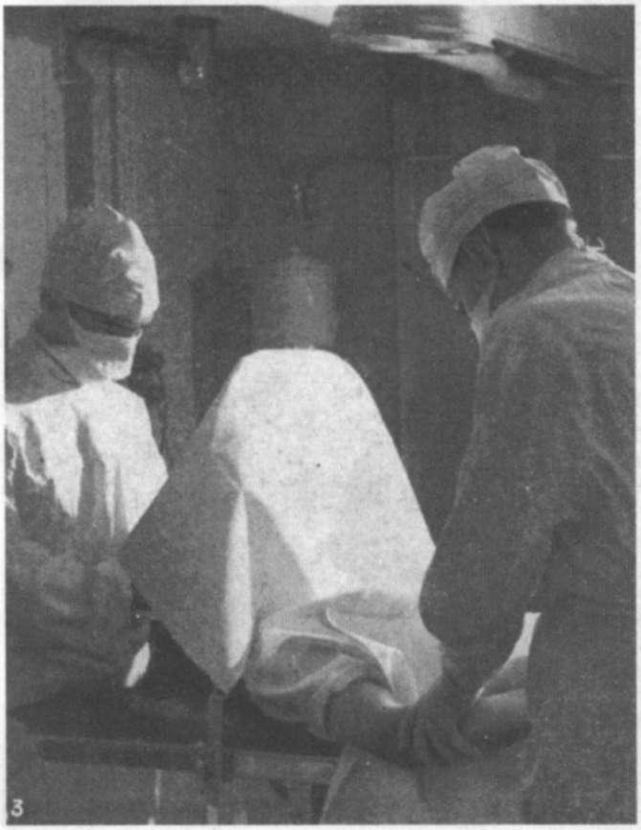
There isn't a risk that the rescue ships will not take. A Canadian tanker was blasted to pieces when a U-boat's torpedo crashed into her. The forepart, with no one aboard, drifted away in the blizzard that was raging. Fifty men, who had clung to remnants of the ship, thought they were doomed. But a rescue ship got quickly to work. In spite of the weather, U-boats and torpedoes, she rescued every man who had been aboard the tanker, though it took her over forty hours to complete the task.

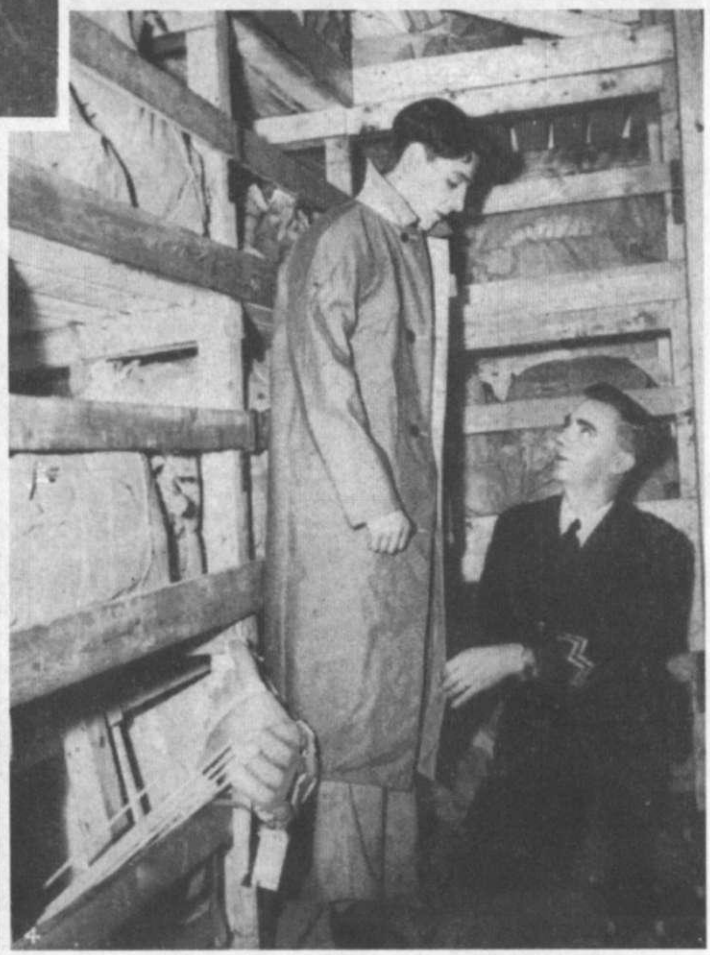
ON another occasion, when a tanker was sunk in the Atlantic, the rescue ship Perth picked up the crew. One man had a smashed skull, and an immediate operation was necessary. While this was being performed a U-boat surfaced a few hundred yards away, and every gun aboard the Perth opened fire. And still the operation went on, to a successful conclusion. The man with the smashed skull is now serving aboard a rescue ship !

Crews of these little-known but very important ships get many a thrill. To chase tiny lights in a storm—lights aboard rafts or lifeboats—is no child's play. But hardships are counterbalanced by the satisfaction of hauling aboard grateful and often badly wounded men. As they all say: "There is no greater work than saving the life of another man." This motto of the rescue ships is one reason why our Merchant Navy puts to sea with so much confidence ; they know, if fortune is against them, that a Convoy Rescue ship will be not far away.

Pre-War Cargo Boats Perform a Mercy Task Now



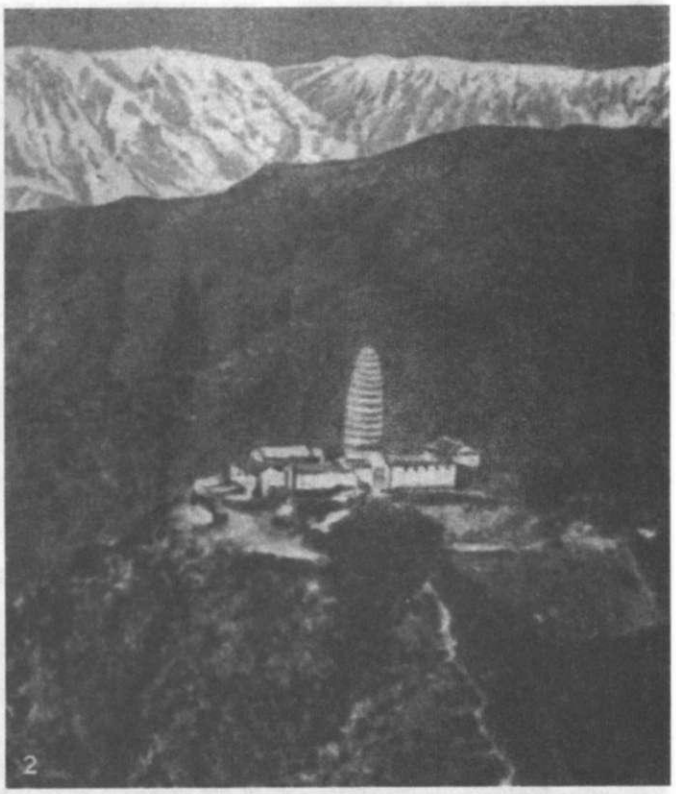


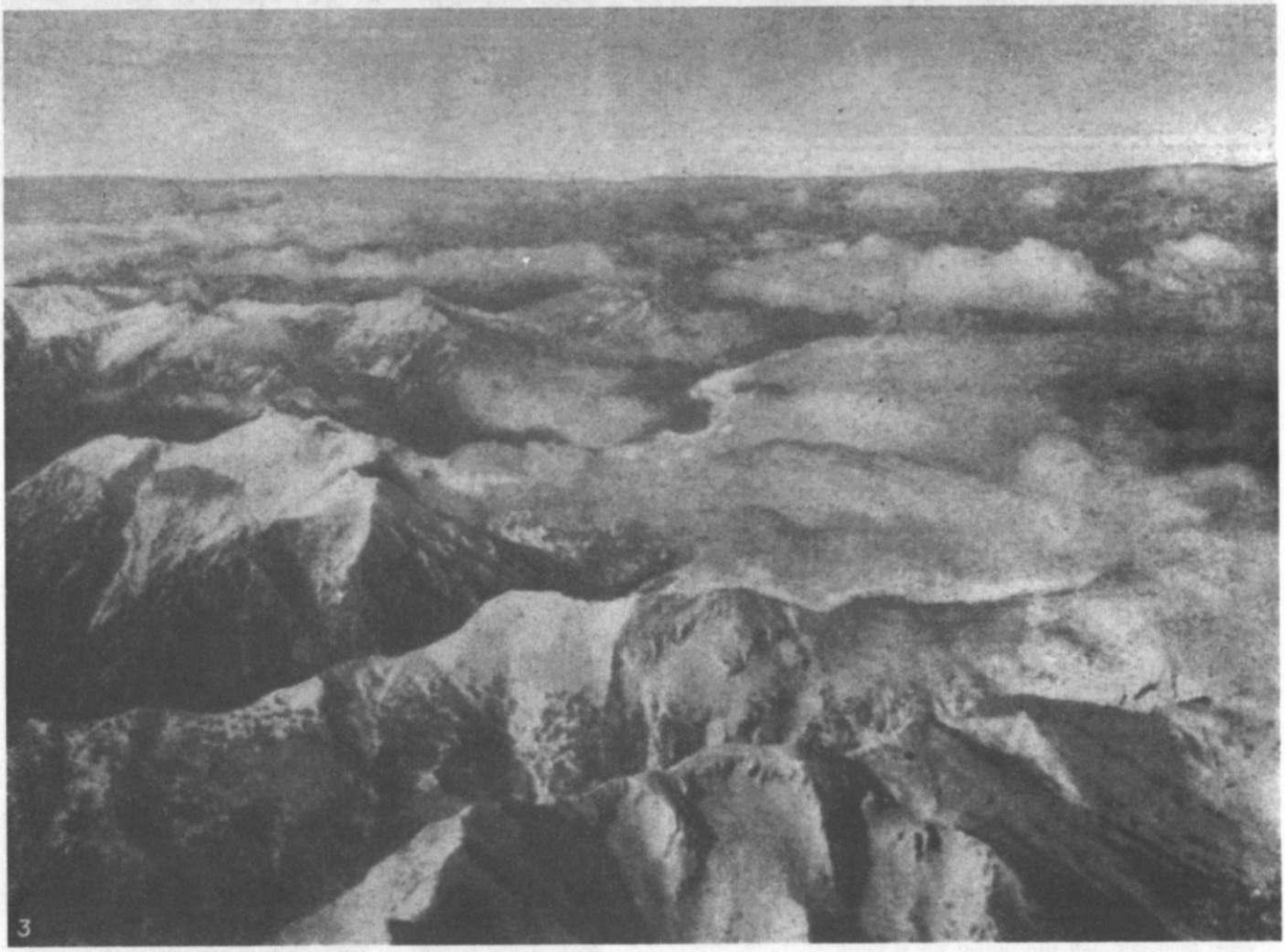


SAVED FROM THE SEA, a mariner receives artificial respiration on the rescue vessel's deck from a medical orderly ; meantime his companion, snatched from the same fate, is brought aboard in a sling (1). The rescue ship's doctor attends to a stretcher case, while other survivors look on (2) ; in the operating theatre of the ship's hospital an injured seaman receives prompt and highly skilled attention (3). Nothing is overlooked ; a resuscitated seaman is fitted out with a new set of clothing (4). See also facing page.

Photos, Associated Press

Allied Flyers Cross the 'Roof of the World'—





ONLY DIRECT SUPPLY ROUTE BETWEEN CHINA AND HER ALLIES is the airway over the Himalaya mountains, between N. India and Yunnan in China, a distance of some 750 to 1,000 miles, here (1) being followed by an aircraft of the India-China wing of U.S. Air Transport Command. The Buddhist Monastery which stands 16,500 ft. above Lake Tali in the Himalayas is seen (2) from a supply plane flying at 18,000 ft.; at 21,500 ft. The "Hump," as the mighty mountain chain is called, looks like this (3).

Photos 2 and 3 exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

—Carrying Supplies for China's Fighting Men

AT THE EASTERN END OF THE CHINA AIR ROUTE a transport plane comes in over a village to its airfield (1). Vast stocks of oil for the aircraft are stored near the terminal point in India in tanks such as this (2) being constructed by Indian engineers. Besides supplies, the planes carry over the hazardous airway military officials, technicians and diplomats, who must wear oxygen masks at such altitudes (3). Our capture of Myitkyina airfield in Burma (announced May 18, 1944) may eventually relieve pressure on the airway by reopening of land routes.

This Will be a Task as Big as the War Itself

The last shot fired and the last bomb dropped, we shall be forced to tackle the awesome problems of repair, renewal and rehabilitation. Half the world will lie in physical, political and economic ruin. How the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration is preparing to go to work to clear up the mess mankind has made of things is explained here by JOHN ENGLAND.

BEFORE this war we knew that patriotism is not enough. We now know that charity also is not enough. The rebuilding of the world—and our immediate problem is Europe—calls for more than charity. It involves the recruitment of the finest organizing brains, plus the mobilization of every kind of necessity from iron ore and coal to medical stores and seed.

U.N.R.R.A. (United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration) is, therefore, primarily a job for thinkers and not for sentimentalists. The root principle which it has been decided to apply to this mammoth problem may be simply stated as putting first things first. In other words: Who has first claim on relief, and what material things are most needed for immediate post-war service?

HERBERT H. LEHMAN, U.S. Administrator of U.N.R.R.A. Born in 1878, last-war colonel, he was Governor of New York State, 1933-42. *Photo, Topical Press*

Already U.N.R.R.A. has made up its mind about these points, and a vast skeleton plan has been articulated for the application of relief throughout freed Europe. To get some notion of the magnitude of this undertaking it is necessary to bear in mind the central truth—that U.N.R.R.A.'s job is precisely as big as the war itself. Surely that is an impressive thought. Everything the war has destroyed is to be rebuilt, remade, set going, rendered fruitful again. Already the United States has voted £350,000,000 as an initial instalment, and Britain has contributed £80,000,000.

A newly-formed branch of the Army, known as the Civil Affairs Division, will deal with the host of administrative problems that will arise when the Allied troops first land in Europe. A new staff—G.5—is attached to General Eisenhower's headquarters for the direction of this Division, which is commanded by Lieut.-General A. E. Grasett. On the heels of the invading troops Civil Affairs detachments, equally composed of British and Americans, will come into action. Their most immediate concerns will be with such things as feeding and finding shelter for civilians and restoring damaged public services. In general, their task is to see that civilian problems do not interfere with military operations. The long-term policy of restoring life to the liberated territories will be taken over by U.N.R.R.A. in collaboration with the governments concerned, as soon as conditions permit.

U.N.R.R.A.'s first consideration after the war, then, will be to help the liberated countries to help themselves. As soon as an area is liberated, U.N.R.R.A. will supply the peasantry with all that is necessary to get agriculture going—that means new temporary housing, agricultural machinery, seeds. For Europe, once so fecund, has been mainly a battlefield, and its restoration to maximum crop yield is the surest and sanest way to end the semi-starvation which has been for millions the common lot through these dark years.

But individual enterprise, whether urban, such as manufacture, or rural, such as wheat growing, can function only under law and order and proper public administration. U.N.R.R.A. here will have to assist in reshaping the civic governments of these lands, and this it will do by assisting the proper people of each nation to get their public life going again. How? By the loan of technicians, by money grants, by the supply of materials.

CONSIDER some of the items. The war has destroyed electric lighting town plants, hydro-electric enterprises, sewage and drainage systems. All these, for rehabilitation, call for machinery, engines, dynamos, thousands of miles of wires and cables, to mention but a few items. In this great work there will be no such thing as a colour bar or racial discrimination, and need will be the yardstick alone. We in England have been so fortunate in the matter of food that we are apt to forget, or not to realize, that under the Nazi heel Europe starves. The supply of food is Number One on the U.N.R.R.A. list. It is proposed to mobilize shipping for this purpose and to set up communal feeding arrangements at once.

G.5 HEADQUARTERS TEAMS such as this are training at centres in America and Britain for work in Europe with the Allied armies. These field units are equipped for all possible emergencies. G.5, as explained in this page, is the military liaison with U.N.R.R.A. *Photo, Keystone*

Some notion of the tragic state of Europe's enslaved people may be inferred from a recent statement by the Belgian Prime Minister. He said that the dietary of Belgium was now so low that very few women were having children. Which brings into view yet another aspect of U.N.R.R.A.'s task—the prevention of epidemics and diseases which may result from the long years of privation, decline in hygiene, and destruction of public works. Thus medical help, both by way of personnel and supplies, is to be on a lavish scale. And this not alone for the benefit of the stricken peoples of Europe, but for the protection of our armies. For U.N.R.R.A. envisages United Nations troops in control until such time as Europe can defend herself against all subversive elements.

CLOTHING THE NAZIS' VICTIMS will be the task of Mr. L. R. Allan, D.S.O., O.B.E., (centre) of the Hosiery and Knitwear Export Group, which in London, in June 1943 showed for the approval of representatives from nine Allied Nations garments designed for the liberated European peoples. *Photo, Keystone*

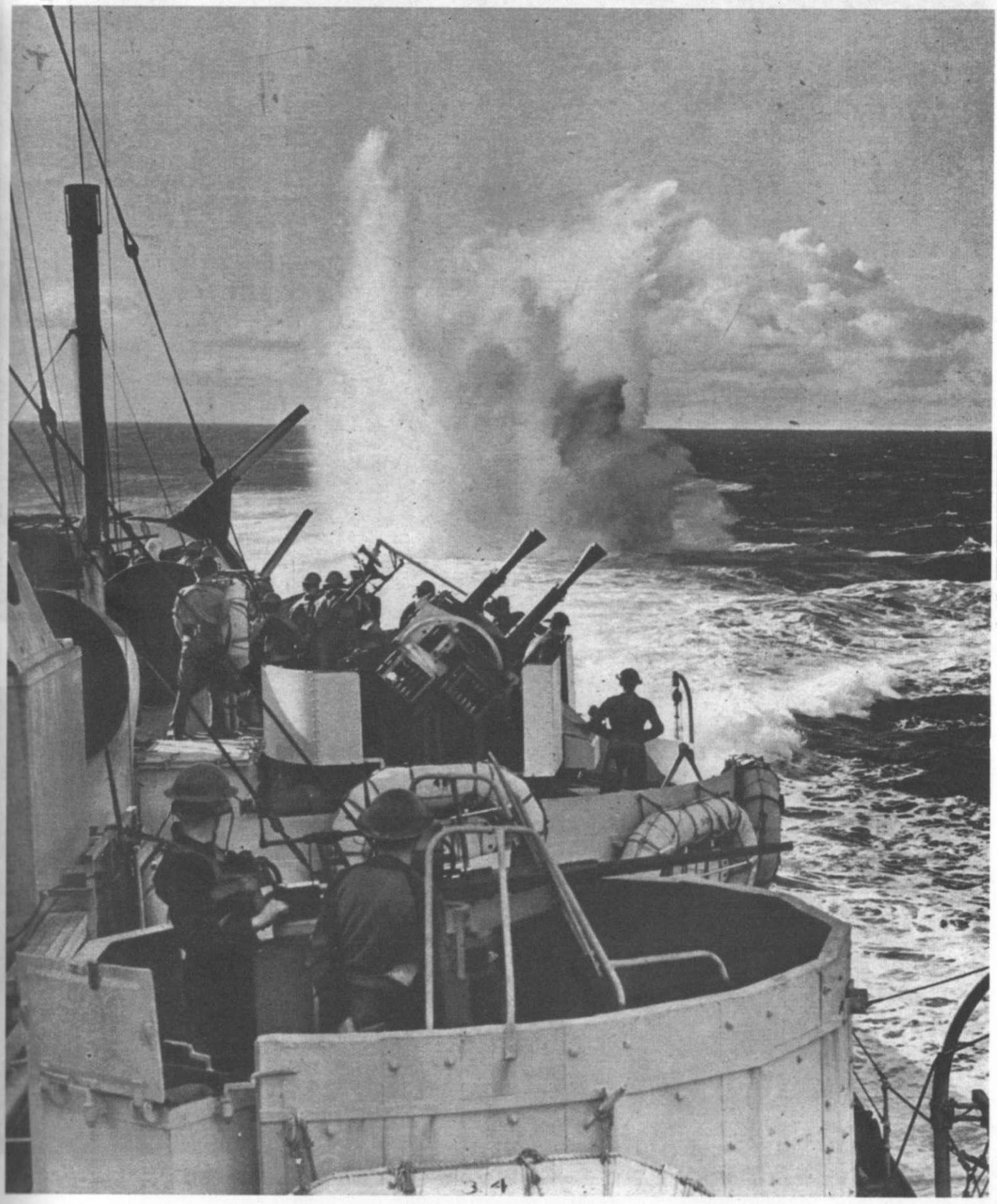
There is another aspect of this work—the repatriation of displaced people, 20,000,000 in Europe alone, and in Asia even more. Many of these people are weakened by hunger and disease, many are sick in mind and body—both. Whenever possible U.N.R.R.A. will return people to the homes from which they were ejected by the invading Germans. The Red Cross has prepared lists of such people, with details concerning their former homes. It has a card index that contains 15,000,000 names.

In the view of those directing the work of U.N.R.R.A., this handling of the dispossessed millions constitutes one of the most terrible and dreadful of the aftermaths of war problems. "The world," said Mr. F. B. Sayre, Assistant to the U.S. Secretary of State, "has never faced any problem of human woe comparable to it." What master brain, it may be asked, can orchestrate this vast, world-wide scheme for creative effort? The man who recently accepted this burden is Mr. Herbert Lehman, former Governor of New York State.

LEHMAN is a rich banker, and the son of a rich banker. Relief work comes as no novelty to him. In the last war he directed the raising of £15,000,000 for the relief of war suffering, and distributed it on equal lines that revealed those qualities which have resulted in the present appointment. Stout, silver-haired, with fine dark eyes, Mr. Lehman is quiet-voiced and imperturbable. His strength lies in his capacity to achieve a synthesis, and no man ever needed more that faculty than he who has the co-ordination of this terrific task.

"We must feed these people!" is the cry. Yes, but where is the food? And if it exists, say in the Argentine, where are the ships to bring it across the ocean? Where are the railway engines and the rolling stock to transport it throughout Europe?

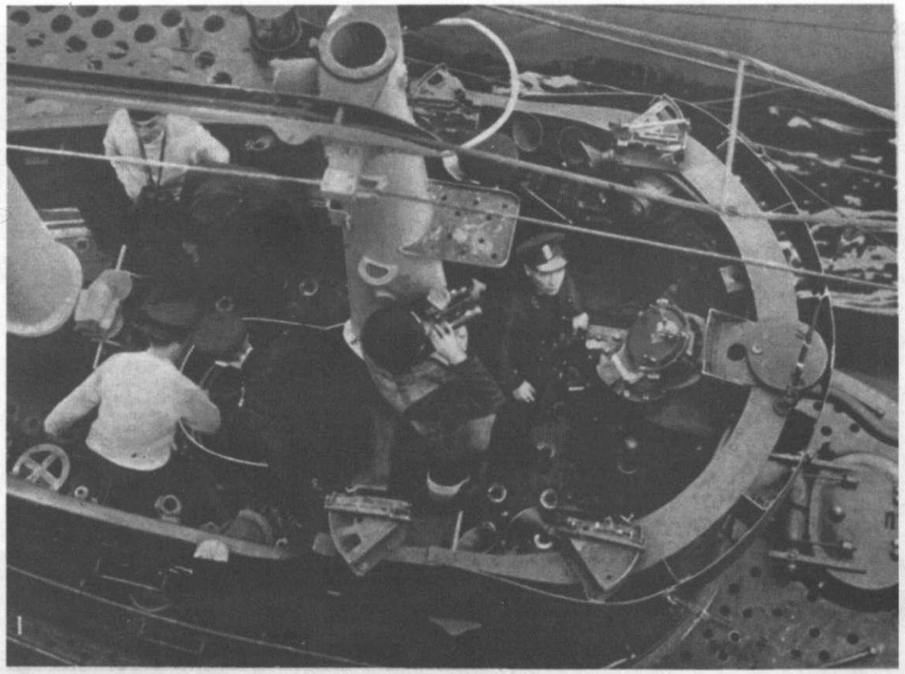
That is how it is. But the central hard core of hope-producing fact is this: this time we are not leaving post-war social and economic and political problems to stew into another broth of hate and ultimate war.

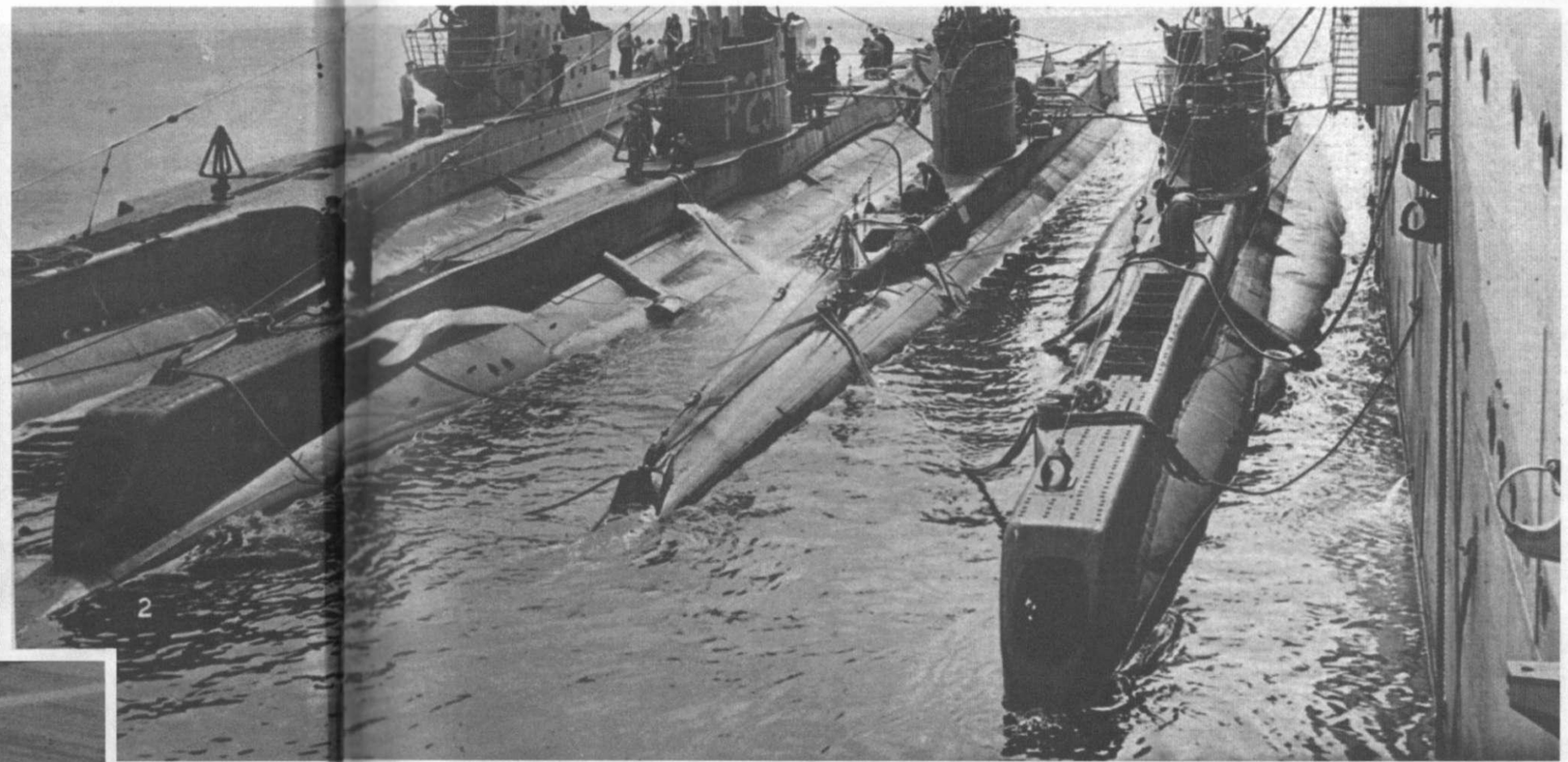


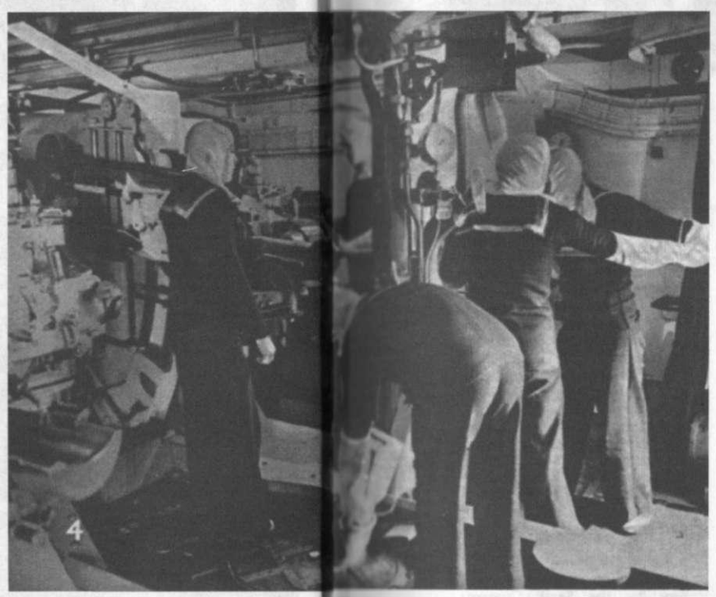
Photo, Royal Canadian Navy

Canada Helps to Win Battle of Atlantic

Allied crushing of the Atlantic U-boat menace, now all but total, has been in large measure due to the vigorous part played by the Royal Canadian Navy. Consisting of 16 ships and 1,700 men in 1939, it now numbers 700 ships and over 80,000 men, ranking third in naval might among the United Nations. Here H.M.C.S. "Prince Robert," Canada's first anti-aircraft cruiser, is depth-charging a U-boat.







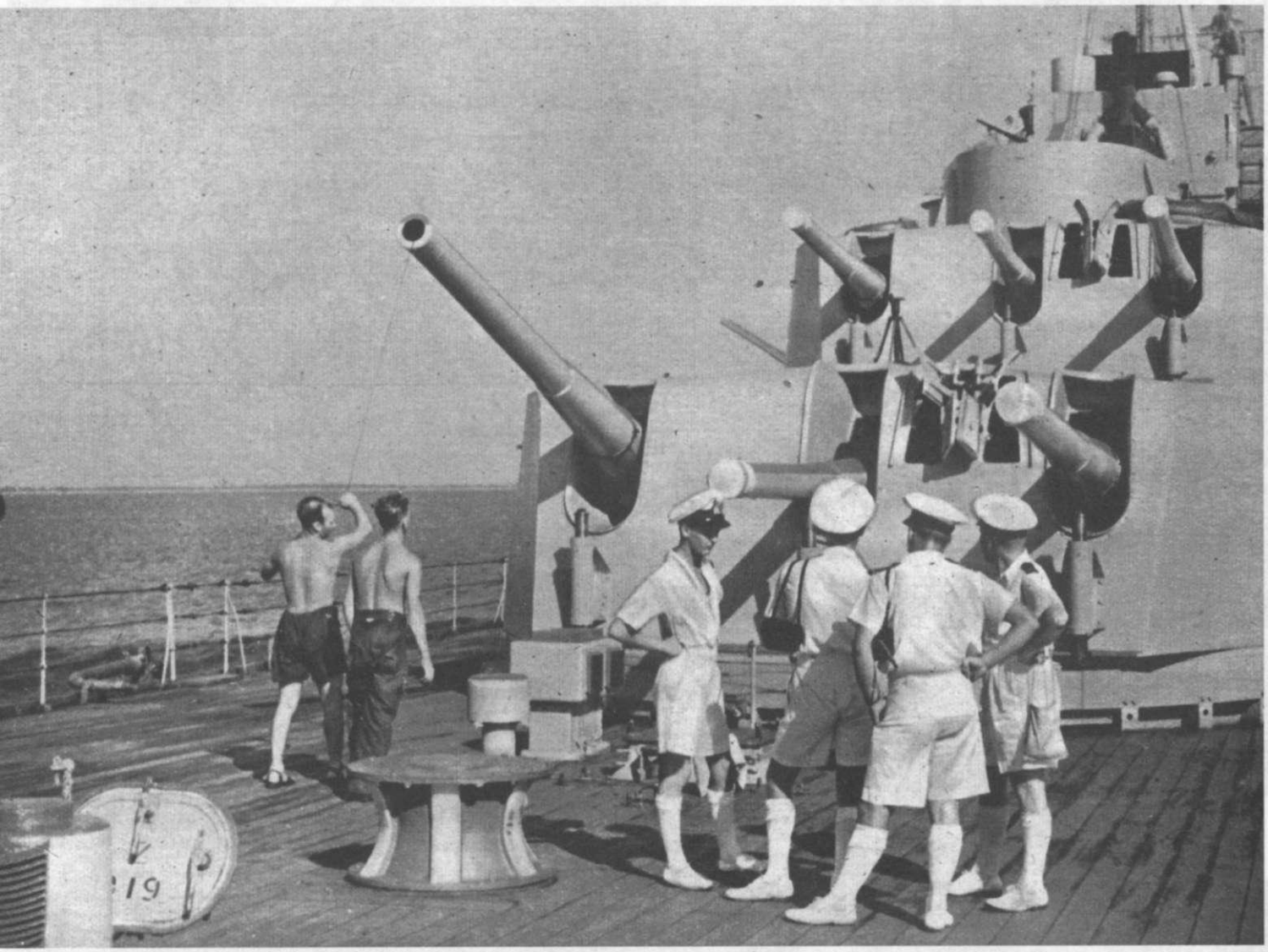
Attack is the Royal Navy's Watchword—

Steadily mounting strength of the Allied Navies bodes ill for Japanese shipping, already heavily hammered in the Pacific. British submarines in increasing numbers are refitting for action in Far Eastern waters; alongside the depot-ship there is activity in the conning-tower (1), while other vessels arrive (2). New aircraft and carriers rapidly augment the power of the Fleet Air Arm; in the escort carrier H.M.S. "Searcher" (3), a Wildcat fighter is brought to the flight deck by lift.

Photos, ... Official, Charles ... Fox

—From Cruiser to Sloop It's the Same

Among the Royal Navy's host of warships, youth and age team up together to confound the enemy. H.M.S. "Jamaica" —8,000-ton Mauritius class cruiser—is but two years old; her torpedoes helped to sink the "Scharnhorst" in 1943. Here is one of her 6-in. gun crews at work (4). In contrast is H.M.S. "Folkestone," one of our older sloops, whose battle-hardened crew (5) proudly boasts of having "the finest set of beards that have gone to sea in this war."



Eastern Fleet Guns Prepare

Since 1942, units of the Allied Navies operating under Admiral Sir James Somerville in the Indian Ocean have constituted our Eastern Fleet, whose sudden sally against enemy-held Sumatra on April 19th, 1944, foreshadowed the trouble to come for the Japanese. Ships of the Eastern Fleet are constantly preparing for a trial of strength with the enemy, and here a cruiser's 6-in. guns are being calibrated, or tested for accuracy. An Ordnance Artificer lowers the weight down the barrel (top) prior to sponging out before the shoot, and later (left) a gunner's mate sets the "rakes"—used to measure the spread of shots—according to the angles given him by the Staff Gunnery Officer.

Photo, British Official

VIEWS & REVIEWS

Of Vital War Books

by Hamilton Fyfe

The Triumph of The Tank

MAN is an unaccountable creature. Every now and then there appear among human beings what we call imaginative geniuses. They peer into the future. They suggest what it may bring forth. They sketch for us the shape of things to come. They point out possibilities of all kinds—pleasant, dangerous, attractive, terrifying.

One might suppose that such men—they are always men: women for some reason have never taken much interest in the future—would be encouraged to elaborate their suggestions. One might fancy that experiments would be made along the lines of their ideas. What happens? Exactly the opposite to this. Their sketches are derided as fantastic, their warnings go unheeded; we even pay for large and powerful organizations which make every possible effort to persuade us that the developments outlined are quite impossible and that, even if they could be realized, we should be better without them.

One such organization is the War Office. I can remember some forty years ago reading a romance in which H. G. Wells predicted the coming of "land ironclads," monsters of steel which could roam on land as battleships and cruisers did at sea, which would be unpierceable by any shells at that time known, and would make any army possessing them easily victorious. Here was a hint which might have seemed to the War Office at any rate worth considering.

But the War Office, regarding itself as a bulwark against innovations—being paid, as it supposed, to keep warfare static—took no notice whatever. This was all the more stupid for the reason that in the South African War at that time going on effective use had been made of armoured trains. Probably that put the idea of "land ironclads" into Wells's receptive imagination. If these things were useful on rails, how much more valuable their deadly work could be if they ran around without rails! But no one at the War Office—no one in authority, that is—had any imagination at all. The hint passed unheeded.

ANOTHER prophecy of Wells's was war in the air. When he made it no flying machine existed. In a few years private inventors had picked up the notion and, although they obtained no help from any official source, had brought the aeroplane to a stage at which it could at any rate rise up a few hundred feet and remain in the air for as much as an hour at a time. Not even then, not even when the submarine—foreseen by Jules Verne long before Wells was writing—had been developed and adopted by the world's navies, did the War Office learn the lesson that "these writin' fellers" sometimes hit on an idea worth following up. As late as 1912 a plan for land ships to be used in war was sent into the War Office and turned down.

You might have thought that with our small regular army such a weapon as this would have appealed strongly to the military chiefs. It was then the practice of Continental armies to give battle in solid formation. "Shoulder to shoulder" was still their motto. What a chance for these ironclads on land to plunge through their ranks, not only mowing down vast numbers, but spreading such terror and dismay among the rest as the soldiers of the ancient world felt when they first saw elephants brought into the fighting line. But no, the generals and the bureaucrats shook their sapient heads and let the opportunity go by.

It was not even to the credit of the War Office that the Tank (as it came to be called in order to hide what we were making from the enemy) was adopted in the First Great War. It was due to the Admiralty's experiments, undertaken by order of Winston Churchill, then First Lord. Kitchener called them "toys." Scarcely any of the generals taking active part in the war had any use for them—until they proved at Cambrai in 1917 that Wells had been right after all.

BETWEEN the wars we had another chance to get ahead of other States in the manufacture and handling of Tanks. A number of modern-minded officers, realizing that we lived now in a mechanized world and that warfare could not stay out of it, devoted their energies to laying foundations for a mechanized army. The War Office frowned on them, took them away from this most necessary work, told them they were victims of an obsession. Nevertheless we had, when the Second Great War opened, a certain number of Tanks, though nothing like as many as the Germans, and nothing like as good, if we can trust Mr. David Masters, who tells us in With Pennants Flying (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 9s.) that they did not get to France in sufficient force, or in time, or with strong enough fire-power, to keep back the torrent of German invasion when it poured over the Low Countries and France.

Of the First Armoured Division, which did not land on the Continent until May 22, 1940, by which time it was too late to hold up the German advance, "only an odd Tank or two" were left by May 30. The light Tanks were already obsolete. The heavier ones were more or less capable of standing up to the enemy Tanks, but there were no more than twelve of them! That First Armoured Division "was doomed before it started." It "contained the cream of British manhood, trained to the highest degree of technical efficiency," and they "drove cheerfully into battle," but they had not "the remotest chance of success."

After that the construction of Tanks was taken out of the hands of the War Office, though the organization of them had to be left in its hands. The spirit in which it carried this out is shown by their being organized in "squadrons" and troops, the men in them being known as "troopers," and by their being called Dragoons and Hussars, and having "pennants flying." You can tell at once that cavalry officers made that arrangement. Pretend they are cavalry! If we must change our beautiful prancing chargers for these horrible stinking engines with their hideous din, let us keep the same old names to remind us of the "good old days"!

WELL, it isn't what they are called, but what they do that matters, and the Royal Armoured Corps have done a magnificent job in many war areas. Mr. Masters tells of numberless acts of the most daring courage and the most ingenious initiative performed by the crews of our Tanks. They have a worse time even than the crews of submarines. There is only just enough room inside for the men and machinery, the turret gun, the shells and the wireless set. The men must be cramped at all times, and when the Tank gets very hot during an engagement and they cannot open anything they suffer badly for want of air. But they keep cheerful and settle down marvellously soon to a life of the utmost discomfort and frequent danger.

Of course, Tank tactics have altered a great deal since it was supposed that they might be able to win battles by themselves. They are useful only when they work with infantry and with aircraft, and whereas it was thought not long ago that the Tank must clear the way for the infantry, now the infantry more often clears the way for the Tank. They have been of most value when they had only scattered resistance to meet, as in France and Belgium. Against fixed defences and stubborn opposition they have so far not been able to make much headway.

THEY were immensely useful in the wide spaces of the desert, but it was due to heavy losses among them that Wavell had to retreat before the Germans, after he had pushed the Italians out of Cyrenaica in his amazing lightning campaign of 1941. His armour was so crippled that "his advanced units were forced to cast aside their worn-out Tanks" and learn to use the ones they captured from the Italians. We did not lose the Tanks which might, later, have stopped Rommel in a sudden blow, as Mr. Churchill told the House of Commons, relying on incorrect information. "They were whittled away day after day by Rommel's guns." Montgomery's greater success in Africa was due to his understanding of Tank warfare and the care he took not to let his "armour" be "whittled away."

What will be the future of the Tank no one can say. About its past, one can only declare that the scientists who improved it, the factory workers who made it and the men who took it into the field are deserving of the highest praise, while the army chiefs, both military and civil, who stood in its way so long deserve—well, I can't think of any punishment bad enough for them.

SHERMAN TANK races for a bridge thrown across the River Liri in the Cassino area during the new Allied push in Italy. Significance of the tank in modern warfare and the immortal deeds of the Royal Armoured Corps are dealt with in the book reviewed in this page. See also illus. pp. 36 and 37.

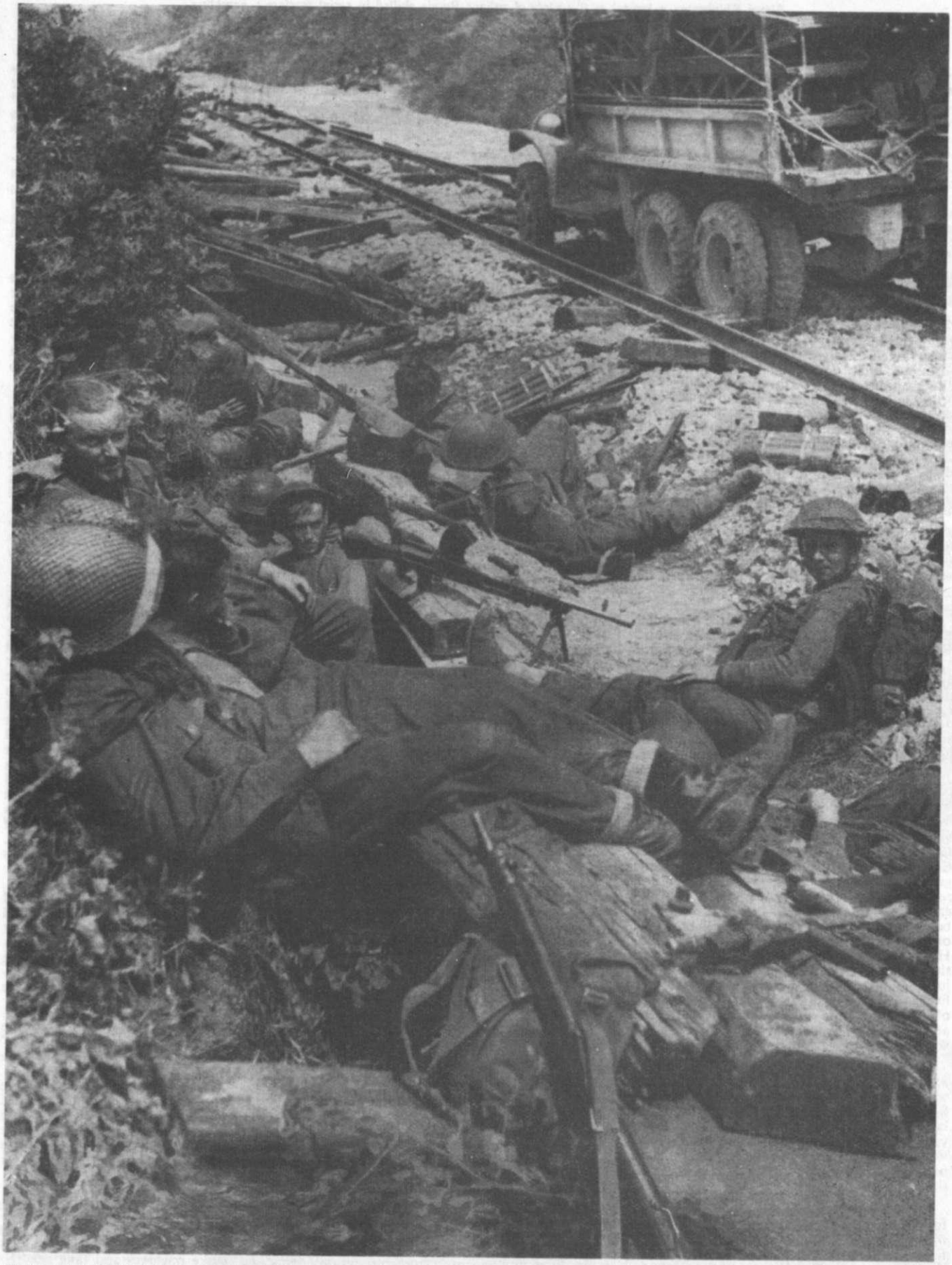
Photo, British Official

Britain's Battle Padres are Front Line Men

IN THE SPIRIT OF CRUSADERS, Britain's Royal Army Chaplains are preparing to face field dangers when the Allied assault from the West commences by going through a "toughening" course at a country headquarters in the Midlands (known locally as the "Padre's Battle School") where they learn the arts of self-preservation. The padre knows how to use camouflage (1). With his companions he learns how to infiltrate through a village, to dodge the fire which may threaten him (2). Captain the Rev. L. Davies (3) has served in India, Iraq, Persia, Syria, Egypt and Sicily; now he is at Anzio in Italy, where he is seen (4) leaving his dugout "rectory." This padre (5) trains to go with our airborne forces.

Photos, British Official; Topical Press

These Whip the Cream of the German Armies



WAITING FOR THE COVER OF DARKNESS before pushing on in the great new drive in Italy (see pp. 36 and 37), men of the 8th Army rest by the side of a wrecked railway track. After months of fluctuating battles in restricted areas they and our American, French, and Polish Allies, together with New Zealand and Indian troops, are at last engaged in a full-scale offensive against the enemy in more open country and are proving once more that the German best is not their super o.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

Indomitable Spirit of the Red Air Force

Alexei Khlobystov is typical of the pilots of valiant Russia skilled in aerial warfare : gambling almost light-heartedly with the Angel of Death in the Valley of the Shadow, enjoying to the full the exhilaration of brilliant triumph as yet another enemy flyer spins to his doom. This vigorous sketch is by KONSTANTIN SIMONOV, playwright and official Red Army war correspondent.

SITTING in the cabin of his fighter plane, prepared to go up at a moment's notice, Alexei Khlobystov looked around him. Glancing at a near-by machine he suddenly recalled the first plane he had ever seen close at hand. It was near Moscow. A U-2 had unexpectedly landed in the courtyard of the plant where he then worked. It was an old, battered machine and yet he, a boy at the time, had felt a strange thrill pass through him and a desire to climb into the cockpit, take hold of something (he did not exactly know what) and go up into the air. He liked to make his wishes come true quickly, and half a year later he was flying an aviation club plane.

On July 1, 1941, he brought down his first Junkers—and became so excited that his temperature shot up, and from the cabin he was taken straight to hospital. In the autumn, after destroying his fourth plane, he plummeted to earth, shearing off tree-tops as he fell. Later, as he lay in hospital with several ribs broken, it sometimes seemed to him that breathing was difficult, not on account of his injuries but because of the hospital air—because he could not climb into a plane, go up and take a deep breath high in the sky. And when he was asked, "Khlobystov, do you want to fly a new type of plane?" he only nodded, and closed his eyes, because he was afraid to answer out loud. He was afraid that a fit of coughing would seize him and he would be ordered to remain in bed. Finally, with an effort, he said, "I do!"

HE had found himself in the hospital bandaged all over, without helmet and flying suit. Now, as he was going out, his flying suit was brought to him and a thrill passed through him just as it did when he saw the old U-2. A month later he was flying this new machine, with short, sturdy wings and a sharp, shark-like nose. His period of duty came to an end, and he walked towards a dugout with his comrades. In the dug-out talk turned to the day when his picture was printed in all the papers.

The day was a restless one and he was very tired. Of course he was tired. First he flew on reconnaissance patrol with Captain Posdnyakov, then went up to attack ground objectives, then had his plane refuelled. He stood by while the ground crew worked, and thought how fine it would be to get an hour's sleep. But he had been ordered to take off again in half an hour. He heard petrol bubbling as it flowed into the tank. By the sound he could judge just how much had been poured in. Another five minutes and he would be ready to take off. And they did take off—Posdnyakov, and he and four other lads, still young and with hardly any combat experience.

He remembers well his first feeling when 28 enemy planes were sighted. The feeling was that Murmansk was in danger. The fact that there were 28 of them he realized later. It was not frightening, but serious, very serious. "Take a look—how many we have against us!" he said to Posdnyakov over the wireless, and in the earphones heard the Captain's reply :

"Look after the youngsters. I am going to attack!" A minute later they were fighting. One Messerschmitt fell. A thought flashed through Khlobystov's mind that now there were only 27. His greatest fear was for the youngsters, and he turned and veered to cover their tails. A Messerschmitt 110 passed below. Making use of the advantage in height, Khlobystov went after it. Clearly he could see the gunner's head and the burst of tracer bullets that whizzed by. The distance between the two planes decreased steadily. The gunner dropped his head and fired no more.

Now they were flying low over a wood, and a hill loomed up ahead. At that moment,

Snr.-Lt. ALEXEI KHLOBYSTOV, Soviet air ace (top), first Russian pilot to ram two German planes in one action, whose epic story is related in this page. Back safely, he examines his damaged aircraft (below).
Photos, Pictorial Press

when the natural action was to pull on the steering column and zoom up, he decided to ram the Messerschmitt. To climb meant to let the enemy escape. He glanced back and saw three more enemy planes coming up from behind. Because the German was so near, and he could distinctly see the tail with the black cross on it, Khlobystov thought clearly and calmly that in a moment he would find himself slightly to the left and behind the Messerschmitt, would raise his right wing and strike it against the enemy's tail . . . The blow was short and hard. The Messerschmitt hit the hill, and Khlobystov zoomed up. It seemed strange that his right wing was shorter than the left, that its tip had been sliced off. At that moment he heard Posdnyakov's voice, for the last time : "I have shot down one!" the captain announced triumphantly.

KHLOBYSTOV's plane was no longer as manageable as it used to be. It no longer seemed to be a part of his own body. The Soviet planes formed a circle while the Germans, who had regained their self-possession after the ramming, resumed frontal attacks. Posdnyakov was seen to drive straight at a German ace.

Later, when he was back on the ground, Khlobystov realized that the captain had made up his mind to bring down the enemy leader at the cost of his own life, if need be, in order to force the Germans to break formation. The two fighters collided at tremendous speed ; the German had refused to swerve and they fell down together. A second later Khlobystov realized that now he was the commander ; Posdnyakov was no more, and on him rested full responsibility for the combat.

"I am assuming command," he said over the radio. "I am going to attack. Protect my tail!" He saw two German fighters coming straight at him. His fuel tanks were practically empty, the enemy was still numerous, and behind his back were four young pilots for whom he had now become the only commander. When he made up his mind to ram the enemy he no longer believed that he would escape alive. His only thought was that if he did ram, the Germans would scatter and his comrades would break out of the ring. He calculated for a fraction of a second. As the German on the right turned away, Khlobystov hit the one on the left with his damaged wing. The blow was heavy. He lost control, and felt himself being drawn down after the spinning German. But he believed, somehow, that his machine would stand the strain.

WHEN he rose from the ground and realized that he was alive, through his mind flashed the words which he later said at Posdnyakov's funeral : "A score of vengeance!" And now people came running up, the commander was embracing him—everything began to whirl around, and he was overcome with fatigue . . .

. . . One Polar night we were leaving the north. "Is Khlobystov on duty tonight?" we asked. "No, he is not," replied the commanding officer. "He is in the hospital. Yesterday he rammed his third German plane and baled out. He was rather unlucky. He had been wounded in the arm and leg at the outset of the combat, and realizing that he would not be able to fight for long he rammed the enemy. It's just like him : he can't bear to see a German escape alive."

I recalled Khlobystov's face with the light, audacious, boyish eyes and the shock of unruly hair. And I realized that he was one of those people who, while they may sometimes make mistakes and take needless risks, have the gay and indomitable heart that never admits defeat or considers a venture to be too great.

Soviet Might Wins Back the 'City of Glory'

FALL OF SEBASTOPOL—whose name means "City of Glory"—was another great Soviet triumph in which all arms shared. Last German stronghold in the Crimea, it was retaken after three days of intensive fighting in which General Tolbukhin's 4th Ukrainian Army and Soviet air and sea forces co-operated in the greatest combined operation yet undertaken by Russian forces. Sebastopol had been in German hands since July 3, 1942.

Great damage has been done to the city by the enemy occupiers; Lenin Street, the main thoroughfare, lies in ruins (1). Soviet sailors, who played such a gallant part in the defence of Sebastopol in 1942, return again as conquerors, entering the city through a shattered archway (2). The Soviet naval colours are hoisted over Lenin Square (3). German soldiers, hands raised in surrender, emerge from hiding-places (4)

Photos, Pictorial Press, Planet News

'The Faithful Durhams' Toughen-up for Battle

TRAINING for further triumphs, men of a Durham Light Infantry battalion (regimental badge at left) manhandle a five-pounder gun across a treacherous sand waste (1); two leap to the top of a barbed-wire surmounted wall (2) during an assault course practice. Learning to be a dispatch rider is this private (3); his grandfather, father and two brothers have all served in this same regiment. Vehicle maintenance is of supreme importance to any army, and this traditionally tough North Country regiment makes certain that theirs are always in trim (5). Great importance also attaches to mail from home, here being distributed by the post corporal (centre, 4) to his colonel (right), major (left) and regimental sergeant-major (second from left). The Durham Light Infantry, formed in 1756, have a regimental nickname which they have proved on many fields—"The Faithful Durhams." In this war they have fought with great distinction in France, and in the North African, Sicilian and Italian campaigns. *Photos, British Official*

I WAS THERE! Eye Witness Stories of the War

In the Jungles of Assam Where Wild Battles Sway

Dispatched on April 11, 1944—thirteen days before the British garrison of Kohima had been relieved by troops of the 14th Army—this story had to be taken 500 miles by Graham Stanford of The Daily Mail before he could cable it to London. See also illus. page 9.

FOR the past four days I have been chasing the Japanese attack over 50,000 square miles of the wildest country in the world—a battlefield which broadens every day as the enemy plunge deeper into the jungle and climb higher into the mountains in daring attempts to cut the lines of communication which the Allies have carved out of this fantastic country in the past two years.

From out of the besieged garrison at Imphal, main British base, where the Maharajah stays with his people, I climbed by plane to 10,000 ft. to clear cloud-shrouded mountains and trace the winding, precipitous Manipur road down to the hillside township of Kohima. There, a few days ago, a small party of British convalescent soldiers played a brave part in repulsing suicidal Japanese attacks.

Then I went down to an airfield hidden in the heart of the jungle, and on by truck, jeep, and on foot to follow trails of war through the once-peaceful, still green, Dhansiri valley, where many a tea planter's luxurious bungalow is now a dormitory for the troops.

When I took off from Imphal in a plane loaded with supplies there was a strange, almost uncanny quiet in this plain, which is the granary of Assam. From dawn to dusk every day these transport pilots drive their planes over this scattered battlefield, carrying thousands of pounds of supplies. Yet week after week goes by with no losses, and pilots continue oblivious to flying strain. Technique of air supply is being revolutionized in this theatre of war. Pilots from other theatres say they would never have believed air supply could be carried out on such a scale as it has reached, and with so few casualties.

As we made our way over 8,000-ft. mountains and down the Manipur road we passed a squadron of Vengeance dive-bombers which had just returned from an attack near Kohima, scene of the present bitter fighting. They are flying hundreds of sorties in support of our ground troops.

When I last flew over the Manipur road you could follow the trail of dust churned up by columns of our motor-transport climbing the road from Dimapur to Imphal and then onwards to the Burma border and the River Chindwin. Now the road was just a ribbon of red, and there was no movement. The Japanese have cut the highway twice between Imphal and Kohima and they have a road block 39 miles from Dimapur. But—fearful of our continual air attacks—they are apparently making little use of the road. They cling to the jungle-flanked tracks that lead down to the road; set up their ambushes and establish blocks so that the road may be denied to us.

There were no signs of war until we neared Kohima and then you could see great pillars of smoke rising more than a thousand feet into the air. Kohima—reputed to be the healthiest spot in Assam, and site of a convalescent hospital—is divided into two distinct parts. There is a native village, and one mile northwards the so-called residential quarter, where the convalescent home is situated. It was the village that was blazing, fired by our artillery shelling Japanese who had established a foothold in the native bazaar. For days and nights a mad battle raged in Kohima. Defending the resort were a handful of garrison troops and 35 British troops convalescing from typhus.

After the first Japanese charges had been held, the little band were shelled over open sights at 800 yards range. An order to withdraw was given—and never received. At last strong reinforcements arrived and the garrison had a well-deserved rest. After Kohima we flew on over miles of more mountainous country until we had passed over the last razor-edged range and had touched down at an airfield in the heart of the tea-growing country.

We found a canteen in an old village hall and were served by the middle-aged wife of the local district commissioner who apparently played fairy godmother to all British troops. From here we began to trek by truck, jeep, and on foot until we reached the railhead of Dimapur, where there was no excitement but only confidence on all sides in the ability of British and Indian troops to drive the Japanese from Assam. Troops, armoured vehicles and guns were already trundling up the road to meet the enemy.

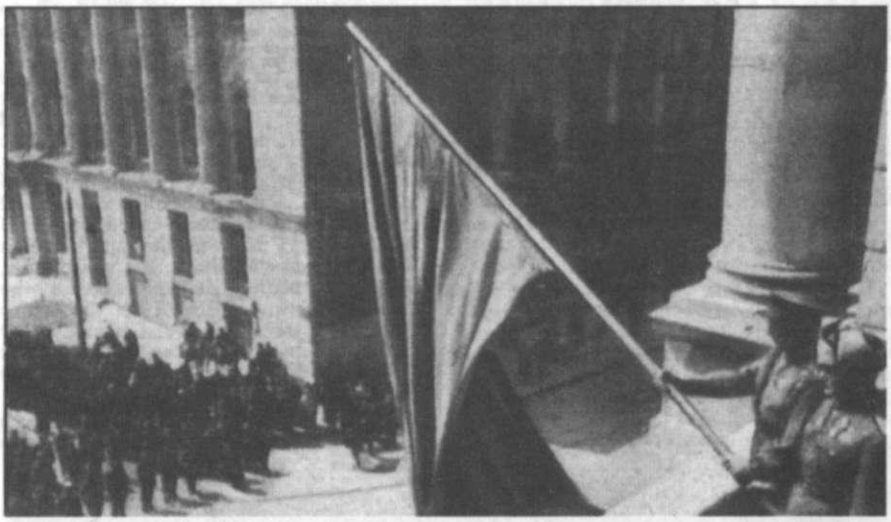
SHELLBURSTS envelop a Japanese position on the Tamu Road (above) during the Imphal battles in Manipur State. On May 22, 1944, British forces, having practically eliminated the enemy in the Kohima area, were pressing the Japanese back on the defensive. A U.S. soldier unwraps ammunition sent down by parachute to units fighting in North Burma (left). See story in this page.
Photos, Indian Official, Keystone.

I Walked in Odessa's Guerilla Army Catacombs

Impregnable stronghold of 10,000 Russian guerillas who by night dominated the city for the last fortnight of the German occupation, the vast system of winding and complicated passages beneath the streets and buildings of the famous Black Sea port was recently visited by Paul Winterton, The News Chronicle special correspondent. See also illus. pp. 778-779, Vol. 7.

THE city of Odessa is built on a yellowish limestone so soft that it can be cut with a saw or shaped with an axe. Ever since 1794, when Odessa was built, the inhabitants have been quarrying this stone for their houses. That is why there is now a complicated labyrinth of shafts and tunnels twisting haphazardly below the city.

The depth of the passages, the recent home of a real "underground movement," varies from about four yards to forty yards below the surface. In some you have to crawl on your belly or crouch down. In others you can walk erect for tens of miles along passages six feet wide and ten feet high. Naturally, in the old days, the catacombs were used by smugglers since they link with the port. Criminal elements used to make them their headquarters.



THE RED FLAG FLIES AGAIN IN ODESSA, Soviet city which was recaptured from the enemy on April 10, 1944. Red Army officers are here displaying it from the balcony of the Lunacharsky Theatre while happy citizens watch from below. The theatre was saved from destruction by the underground guerilla army, whose story is given here. *Photo, Pictorial Press*

During the enemy occupation of Odessa the catacombs served three purposes. When the Rumanians were attacking in 1941 and Luftwaffe bombs were raining down on the city, many thousands of women and children took shelter in the caves. In the last few weeks of the occupation they provided a safe hiding-place for innumerable thousands of men who would otherwise have been driven away to serve the enemy. Finally they were an impregnable base for the partisans.

I met the commander-in-chief of the guerillas yesterday in a small upper room in the workers' quarter of Odessa. His name, which deserves to become famous, is Anatol Loschenko. During the occupation he used the name of "Volgin" and was addressed by the guerillas as "Comrade Major," though, in fact, he had no military rank. Loschenko, a chemical engineer, was the ideal type to lead a movement which, in addition to waging a desperate, stealthy warfare with the enemy, also had thousands of civilians on its hands below ground.

He is thirtyish, with a calm, kindly face, bright, determined blue eyes, very strong, white teeth and black hair brushed straight back. He possesses—and has exercised—the qualities of a natural leader. Largely through his efforts and personality an organization was built up in Odessa strong enough to break the enemy's nerves. Loschenko told me:

It was in January 1943, when the great German retreat began, that we started our preparations. We collected a little capital, bought provisions, set up a small flour mill and sausage factory, and stored food in the catacombs. Because there are no natural springs, we sank deep artesian wells and sometimes collected water from walls and roofs. We had a radio station and a printing press, and we set up an underground hospital with cots and sheets and all medical equipment.

We went out on night sorties. One night we had pitched battles with the Rumanian police and brought 67 prisoners back into the catacombs, where we kept them with many others until we could hand them over to the Red Army. When the Germans began to blow up the city before leaving we did everything possible to hamper them. We caught groups of soldiers in the act of setting buildings on fire and rushed them down into the caves. We saved the theatre by cutting wires leading to a charge of dynamite which the Germans had laid.

We continually cleared mines from areas in the port and succeeded in saving part of it. Night after night German preparations for demolition were rendered useless. We prevented part of the Telephone Exchange from being destroyed. The Germans and Rumanians began to get panic-stricken. At night the streets were ours. Their worst trouble was that they could never find out how many of us there were underground—one thousand or ten thousand!

On April 8 they issued an order that no one must appear in the streets after 3 p.m., and that all windows must be closed and all doors left open. Arms were brought to us by our women, as men dare not appear on the streets at all in the last fortnight. Tommy-guns, rifles and revolvers could be bought from Rumanian and German soldiers for cash. A rifle cost from 50 to 100 occupation marks, a tommy-gun 250, a revolver 150 to 200—with ammunition, of course. We exchanged bread for hand grenades. We also raided enemy dumps.

Our biggest windfall was when several hundred Slovaks deserted from the German Army and joined us, with arms and food. They brought trench mortars and automatic rifles. In the end 5,000 of us were armed—50 per cent. If the other half had been armed, too, we could have seized the city. As it was, we came out into the open when the Red Army drew near and fought the Germans in the streets in daylight, killing many hundreds of them. We guarded the entrances to the catacombs very well. The Germans knew where some of them were, but not all, for there are so many all over the city. Anyone coming into the catacombs was disarmed. We always let everybody in, but not everybody out. We had passwords which were changed every day. It was a constant battle of vigilance and wits.

One day a girl came and said she was a parachutist dropped with instructions from the Red Army for us to suspend operations for a time. But when we had given her wine she confessed that she had been sent by the Gestapo under a threat of death for her family. We kept a list of traitors. Sometimes men whom we regarded as traitors were persuaded to come over to our side with valuable secrets. We maintained direct contact with the approaching Red Army by means of scouts and radio.

That was Loschenko's story. Then he led us down into the catacombs to see for ourselves just how the guerillas had lived and worked. The entrance was half hidden among the rubble of a demolished building. By the light of flaming wicks stuck into bottles of petrol we squeezed through a two-foot wide hole and half slid, half scrambled, down a narrow funnel until we were thirty yards below the surface.

There were traces of German attempts to blow up the opening with grenades, but it soon became obvious why they had made no attempt to break into the catacombs and drive the guerillas out. In these winding and complicated passages one man could hold up a battalion. No German ever dared to go in—no German was ever sent in. It was the guerillas' impregnable stronghold.

We walked about 400 yards in an eerie semi-darkness. It was very hot and stuffy, and Loschenko said that when the atmosphere got too bad the civilian residents were moved to different sectors of the caves, which were all divided up into districts. Here and there water trickled down the yellow walls. The guerilla headquarters was a large chamber divided into a number of "rooms" by low stone walls. Each room had its own special function—one of them was labelled "Command Point for Forming Guerilla Bands." There was another smaller chamber for making anti-tank petrol bottles.

When we left the workers' district hundreds of people gathered round us near the entrance to the caves and waved good-bye. They had all lived down below—they all knew and loved and trusted the guerilla leader Loschenko and his assistants. They were certainly proud of their catacombs.

I Saw the Tricolour Flying Over Mount Majo

In the Allied offensive in Italy which opened on May 11, French troops under General Alphonse Juin made a spectacular advance through country beautiful to the tourist, but incredibly difficult to the tactician. This story by L. Marsland Gander, who drove up the Garigliano Valley in their wake, is reprinted by courtesy of The Daily Telegraph.

To reach the village of S. Andrea from a former front-line position I motored in a jeep for two and a half hours and found the lovely Garigliano Valley now free from the German invader.

Across the river lay the heights the French had captured, piled one behind the other, rugged, scrub-covered, and sometimes thickly wooded.

To climb on foot to the 2,600-ft. summit of Mt. Faito, unhampered by wire and mines, takes the ordinary hiker three and a half hours. French Spahis, Chasseurs, Senegalese and Moroccans overran this and a score of other heights in three days against stiff opposition and under shell- and mortar- fire.

In the gently shelving fields bordering the river, red with poppies which gleamed among the rank grass, there was grim evidence of battle. We passed two hastily dug graves, an American medium tank damaged and overturned, two lorries upside down off the road.

The going now became difficult as we overtook supply columns of the advancing army, and the jeep bounced and rattled over shellholes. Frequently we were shot off our seats by the violent jolting, but always made safe landings in the vehicle again. Drivers cursed at one another and at the smothering dust which changed all our pigmentation, but in reality everybody was

GENERAL ALPHONSE JUIN, commander of the French troops who in the magnificent mountain drive, described in the accompanying story, broke the vaunted Gustav Line on May 14, 1944. General Juin also fought in France and North Africa. *Photo, U.S. Official*

in the best of humour. When we had halted in one of the numerous traffic blocks a passing poilu grinned delightedly at us and said: "Eighth Army bon."

French sailor gunners of a battery which I had visited previously came clattering past over the very road which they had shelled so often with 6-in. guns. I remembered as they hailed us the painstaking way in which they had been improving their camp and emplacements as if they were there for the rest of the war.

Passing lorries and jeeps were all named according to their owners' fancy. I noticed "Pantagruel," "Port Lyautey," and "Lulu" among many others. One lorry carried an oil painting of General de Gaulle on the windscreen.

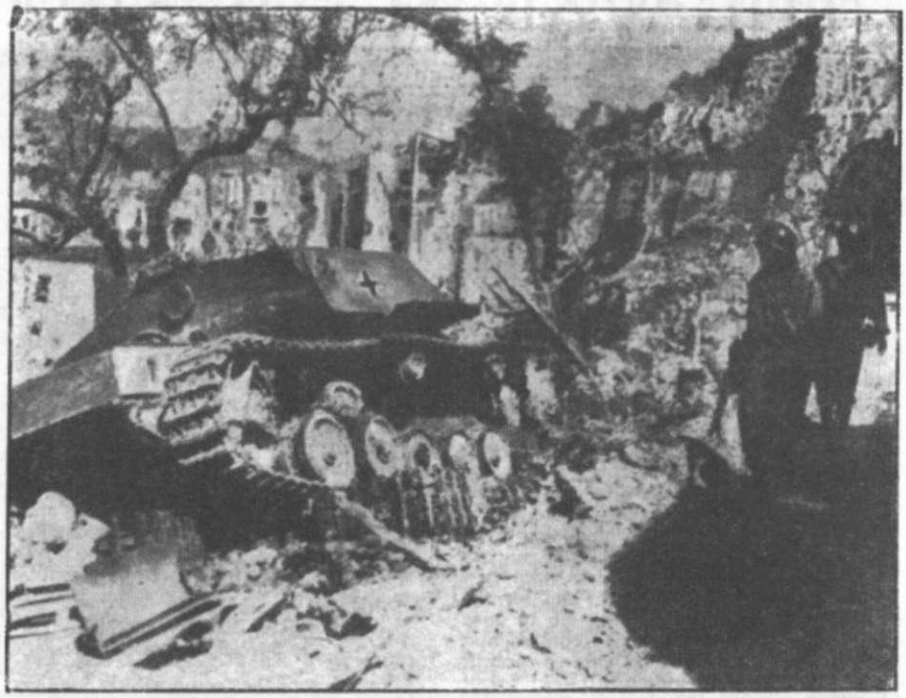
At last we were climbing by a tortuous road in a slow procession of jeeps into S. Andrea, which snuggles among the hills, every house a medieval fortress in itself.

As usual the solid stone houses of this little village had stood the bombardment well. A pathetic group of about a dozen women, children and old men stood outside a house they had converted into a shelter by piling loose stones outside the walls and windows.

As much in relief at the end of their torment as in joy at the sight of their liberators, these people of a sorrow-ploughed country were in astonishingly good spirits. Wreathed in smiles, they cordially welcomed me into their temporary communal dwelling, where a French sergeant was nursing a baby on his lap.

French 105-mm. guns firing in the valley roused shattering echoes which turned every shot into a cannonade. But here there was no enemy retaliation.

The village was still beset with mines and booby traps. Two gallant French officers had that morning, in the moment of victory been killed by a mine.



ONE OF MANY SHATTERED NAZI TANKS which lay on the outskirts of the Italian village of Castelforte, at the southern end of the Gustav Line—which it was announced on May 15, 1944, was taken by French forces, two of whom are seen passing through the village. For months Castelforte had been one of the main bastions of the enemy line French troops engaged include Moroccan, Algerian and Senegalese units. *Photo, British Official*

A Piper Cub flying overhead to pick up French wounded was a demonstration of how far and fast the advance had gone through this difficult country, where the Germans, like ourselves, had been forced to depend on congested mountain trails.

In the steep central square, sitting among the rubble at a trestle table, was a placid and corpulent town major. He told me S. Andrea was taken by Senegalese, who stormed the surrounding heights, forcing the garrison to capitulate.

Just what was involved in this feat was apparent when one looked at the mountains. Through glasses I could see the Tricolour flying on Mt. Majo.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

MAY 10, Wednesday *1,712th day*

Air.—Railway centres and airfields in France and Belgium bombed by U.S.A.A.F. by day and R.A.F. at night.

Mediterranean.—U.S. aircraft bombed Wiener Neustadt aircraft factory; railway yards at Budapest attacked by night.

China.—Offensive in West Yunnan launched by Chinese troops across Salween river.

MAY 11, Thursday *1,713th day*

Italy.—Fifth and Eighth Armies launched offensive against the Gustav Line.

Air.—U.S. heavy bombers attacked marshalling yards in France, Belgium, Luxembourg and W. Germany; at night R.A.F. bombed railway yards at Boulogne and Louvain.

Russian Front.—Soviet aircraft bombed Lublin railway junction.

Sea.—Admiralty announced sinking of two U-boats in Atlantic by frigate H.M.S. Spey.

General.—Announced that Major-Gen. R. G. Sturges, Royal Marines, had been appointed head of Special Service Group (Commandos).

MAY 12, Friday *1,714th day*

Air.—Over 750 U.S. bombers attacked four synthetic oil-plants near Leipzig and one in Czechoslovakia. Railway yards in Belgium bombed by R.A.F.

Italy.—5th Army French and U.S. troops made progress against Gustav Line, supported by Allied naval forces. Heavy bombers attacked ports and railway centres in Northern Italy.

Russian Front.—Soviet aircraft bombed railway junctions of Dvinsk (Latvia) and Tartu (Estonia).

MAY 13, Saturday *1,715th day*

Air.—Large force of U.S. bombers attacked oil refinery near Stettin, Focke Wulf plant at Tutow on Baltic, and marshalling yards at Osnabruck; Thunderbolts dive-bombed airfield near Bremen.

Italy.—5th Army troops captured Castelforte. Allied bombers attacked railway communications on Brenner Pass line.

Russian Front.—Soviet bombers attacked Brest-Litovsk, Polotsk and Narva.

MAY 14, Sunday *1,716th day*

Italy.—French troops of 5th Army captured Mt. Majo and made breach in Gustav Line. Allied bombers attacked railway yards in Po Valley. U.S. naval forces bombarded enemy positions round Formia and Itri.

Russian Front.—Soviet bombers attacked railway junctions near Lvov.

Air.—Mosquitoes bombed Cologne at night.

Home Front.—15 German aircraft destroyed in raids on S. and S.W. England.

MAY 15, Monday *1,717th day*

Air.—U.S. heavy bombers attacked Pas de Calais area; at night Mosquitoes bombed Ludwigshafen.

China.—In Western Yunnan, Chinese troops continued to make progress towards Burma.

MAY 16, Tuesday *1,718th day*

Italy.—Pignataro captured by Indian troops of 8th Army.

Air.—Mosquitoes bombed Berlin at night.

Russian Front.—Soviet aircraft bombed railway junctions at Minsk, Baranovichi and Kholm.

MAY 17, Wednesday *1,719th day*

Burma.—Main airfield at Myitkyina captured by Chinese-American troops under Brig.-Gen. Frank Merrill.

East Indies.—Aircraft from Anglo American carrier force attacked Surabaya, Java; ten ships sunk and heavy damage done to floating docks, oil installations and airfields.

Australasia.—American forces landed on Wakde Island, off New Guinea.

Sea.—Announced that H.M. frigates had sunk two U-boats in N. Atlantic.

General.—Announced that V.C. had been awarded posthumously to Major C. F. Hoey for gallantry in Burma.

MAY 18, Thursday *1,720th day*

Italy.—Cassino captured by British troops, and Monastery Hill by Poles.

Mediterranean.—Allied heavy bombers attacked Ploesti (Rumania) and Belgrade and Nish (Yugoslavia).

General.—Announced that V.C. had been awarded to Major H. R. B. Foote for outstanding gallantry in Libya in 1942.

MAY 19, Friday *1,721st day*

Italy.—Spezia, Genoa and Leghorn attacked by Allied heavy bombers.

Air.—U.S. bombers and fighters attacked Berlin and Brunswick; R.A.F. bombed railway yards at Orleans, Le Mans, Boulogne and Tours.

Sea.—Admiralty announced destruction of at least two U-boats during passage of convoy to Russia.

Australasia.—U.S. troops completely occupied Wakde Island.

General.—Announced that 47 British and Allied air force officers had been shot by Germans after mass escape from prison-camp.

MAY 20, Saturday *1,722nd day*

Air.—New record in offensive from Britain set up; almost 5,000 bombers and fighters attacked 12 railway centres and nine airfields in France and Belgium.

Italy.—Battle for Adolf Hitler line began; Americans captured Gaeta on west coast.

MAY 21, Sunday *1,723rd day*

Italy.—5th Army troops captured Fondi on Appian way.

Air.—Allied fighters and fighter-bombers attacked transport facilities from Brest to east of Berlin, shooting up more than 300 locomotives. At night R.A.F. bombers made heavy attack on Rhineland port of Duisburg.

Burma.—Chinese-American troops occupied one-third of Myitkyina.

MAY 22, Monday *1,724th day*

Air.—Kiel was main target of U.S. escorted heavy bombers. By night more than 1,000 R.A.F. bombers attacked Dortmund and Brunswick as well as Orleans and Le Mans.

Italy.—Hard fighting for the Adolf Hitler line continued.

China.—Chefang, on Burma Road W. of Salween, captured by Chinese troops.

General.—First official announcement of work of Italian patriots in enemy-occupied Italy.

MAY 23, Tuesday *1,725th day*

Italy.—British and U.S. troops of 5th Army in Anzio beach-head launched offensive against perimeter defences, synchronized with attack by Canadian Corps of 8th Army to break Adolf Hitler Line in the Liri valley.

Air.—U.S. heavy bombers, escorted by more than 1,000 fighters, attacked airfields, marshalling yards and other targets in France and Western Germany. At night Mosquitoes bombed Berlin and Dortmund.

China.—Chinese forces began a general counter-offensive in Honan.

Flash-backs

1940

May 11. *Formation of new British War Cabinet announced.*

May 22. *U.K. Emergency Powers Act passed, giving Government control over persons and property.*

1941

May 14. *Large reinforcements from Britain arrived at Singapore.*

May 15. *R.A.F. bombed Syrian airfields used by German aircraft.*

1942

May 10. *Mr. Churchill warned Germans that if gas used against Russia, British would retaliate.*

May 15. *First British forces retreating from Burma reached Indian frontier.*

1943

May 11. *U.S. troops landed on Attu Island in the Aleutians.*

May 12. *All organized Axis resistance in Tunisia ended.*

May 16-17. *R.A.F. mine-laying Lancasters breached Mohne and Eder Dams in Ruhr basin.*

May 22. *Dissolution of Comintern announced from Moscow.*

THE WAR IN THE AIR

by Capt. Norman Macmillan, M.C., A.F.C.

If this war has been the forcing-house of aeronautical development for military purposes that the First Great War also was, it has at the same time, like the earlier conflict, left its mark on the transport side of aviation. Most of the projected transport aircraft of 1939 were necessarily shelved in Great Britain because scarcity of military aircraft was so great that neither factory space nor tools, and hands to operate them, could be spared to carry on an aircraft-building programme that did not seem to lead to a definite military end.

Indeed, it is extraordinary, now in 1944, to look back at the British military air outlook in 1939, and realize that no preparations had here been made for parachute troops, or glider-borne soldiery, or dive- or fighter-bombers; the largest force we could put forth when Norway was invaded numbered 92 aircraft. But for the efficiency of our fighter-aircraft and of the pilots who flew them in the Battle of Britain—and for the somewhat late-in-the-day decision to give priority to fighter aircraft construction because we could not build enough aircraft to satisfy all our requirements—we might never have had the opportunity to gain time to catch up on the wily enemy we faced alone and (as we have done before) outmatch him technically and numerically.

The position that existed then in the military sphere of aviation may even now exist in the transport sphere of aviation. This does not mean that we are not capable technically of producing the finest transport aircraft in the world. Undoubtedly, we can produce the equal of the world's best, and may even say without seeming to be immodest that some such aircraft of ours might excel those produced elsewhere in some particular class or characteristic.

It is now generally known that a number of British aircraft firms are engaged on the research and construction of special aircraft for post-war transport. But the fact still remains that the needs of the military situation dominate the aircraft industry, and for that reason they dominate the minds of men.

We did not suddenly produce a perfect Lancaster bomber or Barracuda torpedo-bomber. The Spitfire has not reached its present stage of super-performance without the passage of time necessary for the accumulation of experience which can be gained only by practical methods. And so, in the same way, it is scarcely to be expected that transport aircraft can reach their full development until they have been put into service and passed through the mill of usage. And most of the air transports of today are employed for military purposes, not for civil. Thus it is impossible not to give a mental bent, and a practical one, to the somewhat specialized requirements of the war in regard to the design, construction, and employment of these aircraft.

Aircraft Design Dictated by Special Circumstances

Take a few of the factors which condition the design of aircraft. First, there are the types of engine available. Engines today are designed for military purposes first and foremost. Does it follow that they are equally suitable for transport use? Air-frame constructional methods, and wing construction also, are related to the carriage and employment of warlike armament and stores. Shape and size of aircraft are dictated by the same consideration.

No doubt it is for these good and sufficient reasons that experienced military designers like Mr. Chadwick, of A. V. Roe & Co., and Mr. Frise, of the Bristol Aeroplane Co., have stated that they do not look for any great departure from accepted aeronautical practice in the construction of transport aircraft for some ten years after the war.

Now it is generally accepted that the current types of military aircraft were sired mainly by civil types of aircraft. The low-wing, retractable undercarriage, single-engined fighter sprang from such types of aircraft as the Supermarine Schneider Trophy racers of 1927–31, and the Lockheed Orion six-passenger transport of 1931. The original medium bombers which we possessed at the beginning of this war were the offspring of aircraft like the Northrop Delta and the Britain First; aircraft such as these were like civil prototypes of the Battle and the Blenheim. The four-motored bomber class was preceded by aircraft like the Ensign and Albatross, and the Sunderland flying boat was a direct conversion from the Empire-class commercial flying boat.

When the war began the commercial air routes and the aircraft and personnel that operated them passed directly under Government control, and became for all practical purposes servants of the State in much the same manner as the Merchant Navy. Then Ferry Command was instituted to bring aircraft from outside Britain to the United Kingdom and to fly aircraft needed abroad to their destinations, while Air Transport Auxiliary was already engaged in the ferrying of aircraft internally in Great Britain. Air Transport Command of the R.A.F. followed in due course as a natural development of the expanding air situation; and, later still, the Air Transport Command of the United States absorbed the overseas transport company of Pan-American Airways within its rapidly growing organization.

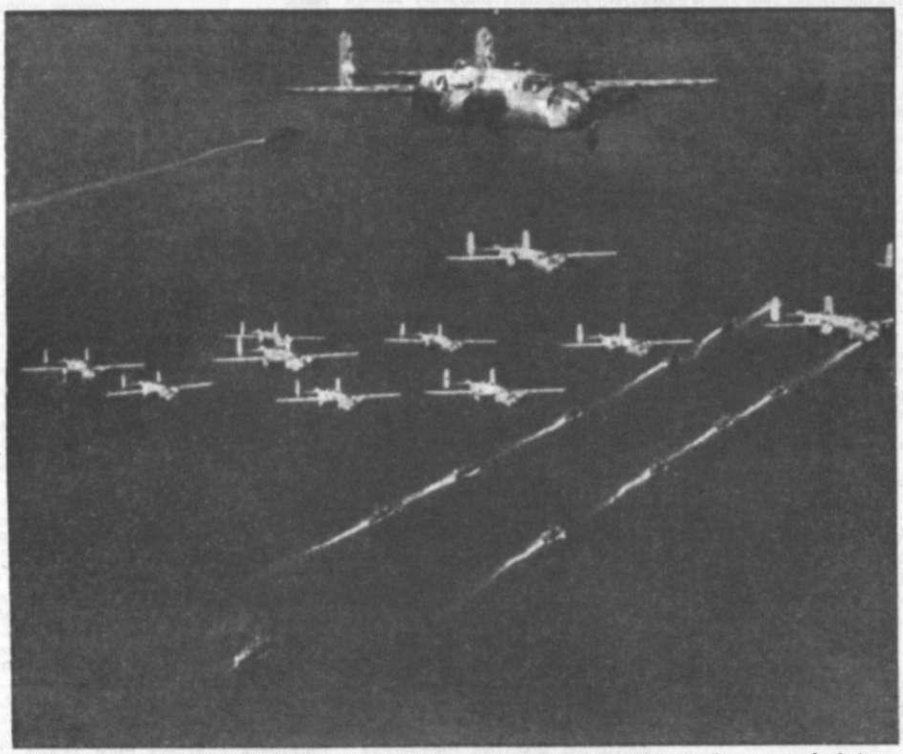
British Overseas Airways and a few internally operated airlines in the United Kingdom represent almost the sole remaining civil transport aircraft operating concerns plying in a quasi-civil transport manner in and without the United Kingdom. Meanwhile, air transport as such has grown to dimensions never visualized by the pre-war military mind, and is employed almost exclusively for war transport purposes, as indeed it must be while the war continues.

New Departures Relegated to Uncertain Future Date

It seems, therefore, that the past and present situation is one wherein the orthodox views of Mr. Chadwick and Mr. Frise are justified, because military necessity cannot afford to risk the unorthodox design with its too-frequent attendant delays. So we stick to the accepted types of aircraft for immediate production, while planning new departures for the future when there will be more time to devote to the development of such special kinds of aircraft as the flying-wing—which dispenses with tail and body and presents the perfection of streamlining to reduce resistance to the minimum. And we stick to the reciprocating engine for transport aircraft because it is today the most efficient for the purpose, relegating jet propulsion and gas turbine to an uncertain future date.

But the great contribution which the war in the air is making towards the future of transport flying is the ground organization—the air routes, aerodromes, transport methods of operating through the world's most difficult sections of the atmosphere. Here the forcing house of war is producing great growth, and who knows but that the air invasion fleets that may descend upon Europe will change the whole character and art of war. Certain it is that war in the air and war on the ground will be influenced out of all present measure by the developments of transport aircraft, and that we are only at the beginning of the demonstrations of the use of air transport in war strategy.

In connexion with air transport developments, reference should be made to illustration in pages 44–45; and to articles and illustrations in pages 316, 362–363 and 716–717 in Volume 7.



U.S. MITCHELL B.25 BOMBERS and an invasion convoy pass each other on the way to deal the Japanese in the South-West Pacific yet more powerful blows. The bombers are heading for the enemy base at much-raided Rabaul in New Britain; the invasion convoy vessels, seen leaving their wakes in the water far below the planes, are steering a course for New Ireland. See map in page 4.

Photo, New York Times Photos

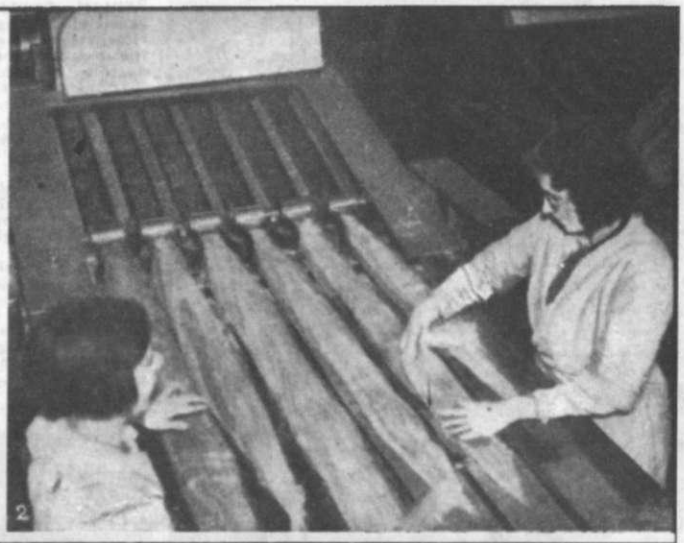
8th U.S.A.A.F. is Germany's Daylight Scourge

BERLIN, Frankfurt, Munich, Schweinfurt, Augsburg, Friedrichshafen—these are some of the centres of enemy war production that have received shattering blows since the 8th U.S.A.A.F. first attacked in Europe on Aug. 17, 1942.

High altitude flying demands warm clothing. Men of the 8th don their electrically-heated suits which plug into the plane's circuit, (1). A gunner loads ammunition belts (2). Back to England after another successful raid, one of the flyers "welcomes" the home ground (4) while his comrades relax (3). Hit by flak, a propeller of this Flying Fortress flew off and embedded itself in the wing (5)—but the bomber reached base safely.

Photos, 1 to 4 exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

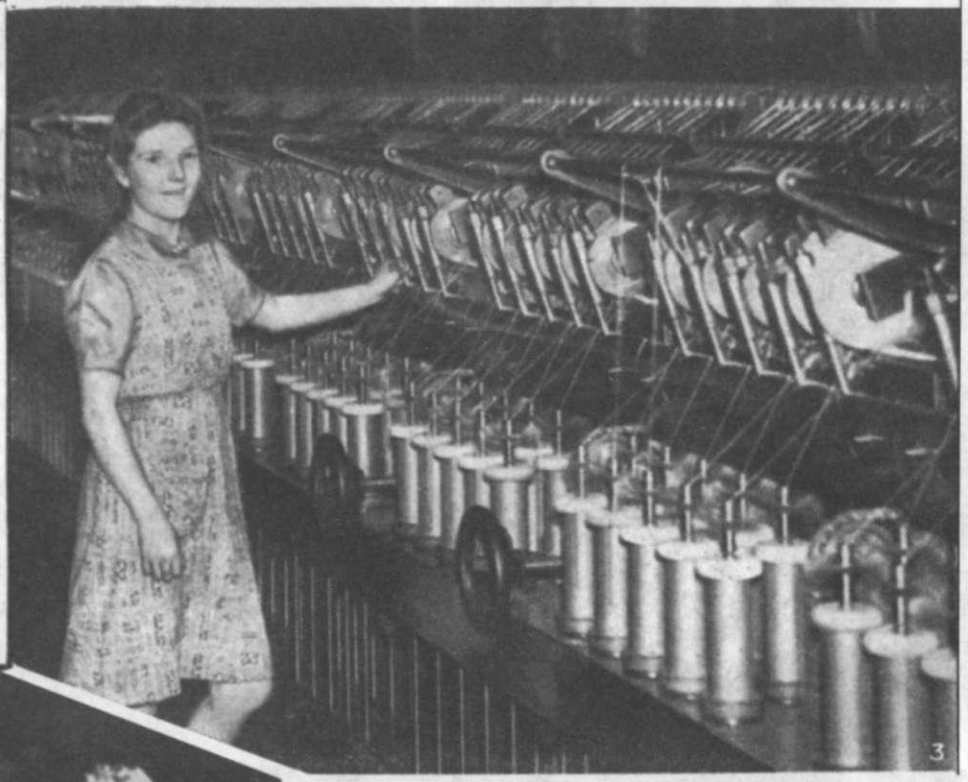
Ulster Makes Dress-Lengths for Our Planes

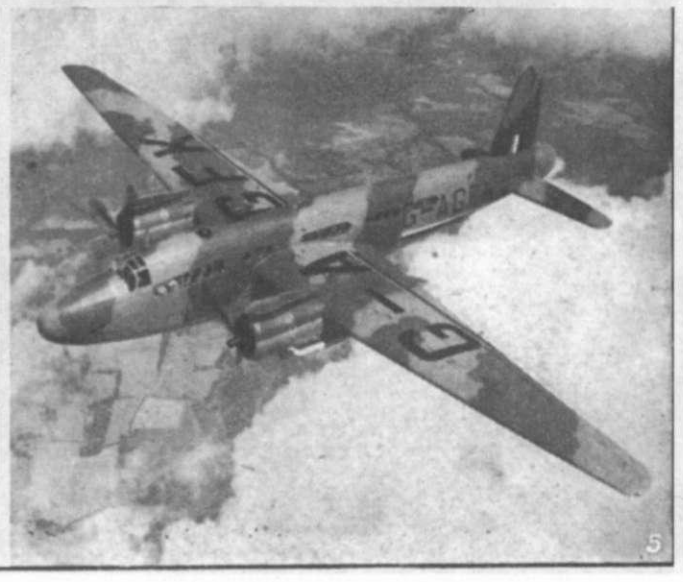


VITAL MUNITION OF WAR is the linen made in Northern Ireland from home-grown flax, and which in peacetime brought beauty to everyday life in the form of fine damask ; now it helps R.A.F. wings to spread ever farther over the enemy. Used in the construction of every operational aircraft made for the R.A.F. in Britain, linen is found in many "key" points in the framework of a plane, including wings, fuselage, joins and seams generally. Flax production in Ulster has increased five-fold since the war began (see pp. 650 and 651, Vol. 7), and today there are some 105,000 acres under cultivation in an industry in which approximately 60,000 workers are engaged. Flax is used for many other war purposes besides the main one of aircraft construction ; in the manufacture of parachute harness webbing alone, at the end of 1943 some 35,000 yards were being supplied weekly to the R.A.F.

Stage one in the preparation of flax for spinning is the roughing and piecing of the fibre (1), which is then machine-hackled, emerging from the front of the machine in a continuous ribbon (2). After four or five stages it arrives at the roving frame (3), then goes to the loom for weaving (4). It took more than 1,000 yards of linen to "clothe" this civil version of the Vickers Warwick plane (5).

Photos, Topical Press, Charles E. Brown





Editor's Postscript

In the earlier days of the War, when my space was more abundant, I often gave excerpts from letters that came from readers of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED overseas, to illustrate the remarkable way in which the sea communications of the Empire were being maintained even during the most violent phases of the U-boat attacks. Eventually the pressure on my space prevented my sharing with my readers glimpses of these interesting epistles, and there is no probability of my resuming a practice which I was sorry to discontinue, but it happens that among my correspondence this week is a letter from Mr. Kenneth G. McDonald, of Kingston, Jamaica, in which occurs a paragraph that I must find a corner for, as it is a timely reminder in an intimate way of how thankful we should be to the Royal Navy for enabling our merchantmen to maintain those overseas communications that are the lifeblood of our Empire. Here is the paragraph:

"I immediately decided that I should like to subscribe to your Magazine, with a view to keeping a permanent record of the war. I therefore had a local dealer, the Educational Supply, Ltd., import for me the copies weekly, and here, I think, is the best reflection on the wonderful way in which the Royal Navy has been keeping the sea-lanes open, to even such a far distant place as little Jamaica, for I am proud to say that I now have six complete bound volumes and I am well on the way to completing the seventh. Even through the darkest days my copies arrived with almost clock-like regularity. Of course, there were a few from time to time which were lost, but even those I was able to replace. These volumes have not only been a source of great information to me, but have succeeded in putting right many arguments which we have had on various happenings of the war."

UPTON SINCLAIR has put many ideas before his multitudinous readers since he wrote the book which brought him into fame at a bound. The idea behind The Jungle was that the peasants from Lithuania and other countries of north-eastern Europe ought to be better treated when they reached the United States. They expected to find liberty after fleeing from the German Kaiser or the Russian Tsar, and what they found was only another form of slavery. Sinclair drew a picture of their sufferings in the Slaughtering Yards of Chicago which sent a shudder though this country as well as his own. But the Americans saw in the book a warning against the dirty, disgusting manner in which their canned foods were prepared. The sale of these fell off so rapidly and heavily that the canners reformed their methods at once. I went through one of their factories a year or so after The Jungle appeared and saw the women who packed the meat into tins having their nails manicured to ensure perfect cleanliness! Since then Sinclair has contributed numerous suggestions for human progress, some good, some not so good. His latest is that Hitler, when he has been beaten and taken prisoner, shall be sent to a charming island off the coast of California with an almost perfect climate and exquisite scenery. I doubt if that will meet with much approval. It seems to me just silly.

THAT an old person should take on a war job at 83 astonishes many people who have not been noticing the signs of the times. The job is not a very heavy one. The great-grandmother whom I have been hearing about sorts the clean clothes in a laundry. But it still seems almost a miracle to some of us that a woman of her age should be able to do any work at all. So it would have been fifty years ago. But today the people who were formerly thought to have finished their working days when they reached sixty are still energetic long after that. It looks as if Nature were adapting herself to the change that is predicted by population experts. They say that everywhere the numbers of the human race will decrease. They expect Britain to have not more than five to ten million inhabitants in a hundred years' time. The proportion of young folks to old folks will become much smaller. It will be necessary for the old to keep on working as long as they can. Already there has been a marked change in this direction, and it must continue unless something should happen to send population figures bounding up again, which does not seem likely.

IF the Ministry of Information must drop into poetry it might, I think, aspire to produce verses composed on accepted standards. I read in a fishmonger's shop these lines printed on a card which the Ministry distributes:

When my shop is cold and empty
Don't look at me in woe;
Fishing-boats have gone a-sweeping
For the mines laid by the foe.

Then my eye wandered round and I saw another card with this quatrain on it:

The fishermen are saving lives
By sweeping seas for mines.
So you'll not grumble, "What, no fish?"
When you have read these lines.

Doggerel such as that would disgrace a class of ten-year-olds. A State Department ought to keep up to a decent standard if it insists on circulating verses, for which I myself can see no need. But almost all advertisers now regard the public as a large child whom they must amuse. This would-be comic element is vastly overdone and very seldom amusing.

THE decision of the Town Council in a big seaside resort not to have prayers before they begin their meetings has caused a good deal of comment. As war is believed to make us more religious, the proposal that this should be done at Brighton was expected to win the support of a large number of councillors. Those who wanted a chaplain to be appointed quoted, of course, the example of the House of Commons. The opposition members might have replied by pointing out that very few M.P.s attend the prayers which precede every sitting of the House of Commons. They might also have mentioned that the Lords do not pray. But they kept to local objections, which were strong enough to defeat the proposal. Nobody said anything about having prayers at the end of meetings. These would seem to be far more necessary. Often the things Town Councils do are such that they ought to ask pardon for doing them, and some councillors are so persistent in provoking scenes that their colleagues might be glad to put up earnest petitions for their removal to some other place of activity.

IN a tea-shop the other day an American soldier gave a tip of half-a-crown for a meal costing about as much. It was generous—but thoughtless. All those sitting near who saw what he had done looked at one another and lifted their eyebrows. They knew it was pardonable ignorance of what custom should suggest as a limit for tipping. He did not want to swank or make others who gave the usual tip look uncomfortable. He just didn't understand that in such a matter as this we observe certain social conventions of our own. If the incident stood alone, there would be no need to say anything about it, but there are many like it occurring every day. Half-a-crown was no doubt exceptional, but the tips American soldiers give are generally on the high scale as a rule. This is the kind of thing that is likely to add to the resentment British soldiers are inclined to feel about the difference in the pay of the two armies. It would have been wise to tell the Americans when they arrived about this and other social habits of which they should be made aware.

THERE is very little objection among our troops to officers being saluted and regarded generally as professional superiors. But there is in certain units (I know of one in Dorset, for instance) some resentment about officers being treated as superior human beings when off duty. This unit has a cinema, and the other day a crowd of privates was waiting to go in as soon as any seats were empty. As they waited, they saw officers stroll up and walk in, knowing that seats would be found for them. The reply to this is, "It has always been like that, and the officers most insistent on such privileges are those who have risen from the ranks. Should any of the grumblers receive commissions, they will regard the social barrier between officers and Other Ranks as highly desirable, indeed necessary."

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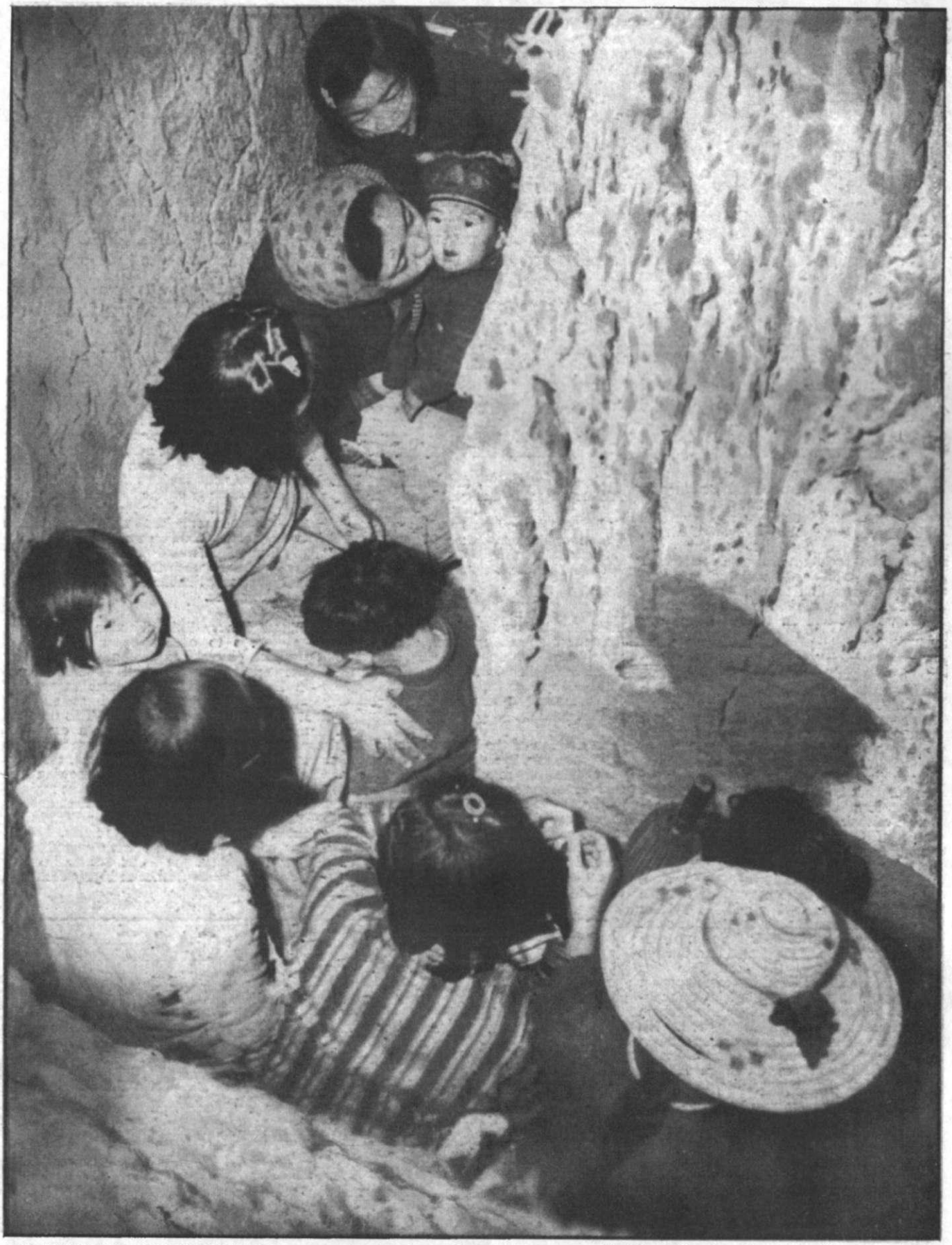
Whilst Death Rains Down from China's Sky



SHELTERING FROM JAPANESE BOMBS, war-experienced refugee Chinese women crouch with their children in a slit-trench while enemy planes are overhead. On April 8, 1944, Japanese forces launched big attacks in the Honan Province—which is known as the granary of China—but their hold on the key Peking-Hankow railway was broken by the Chinese capture of Suiping on May 13. *Photo, Keystone*

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